



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

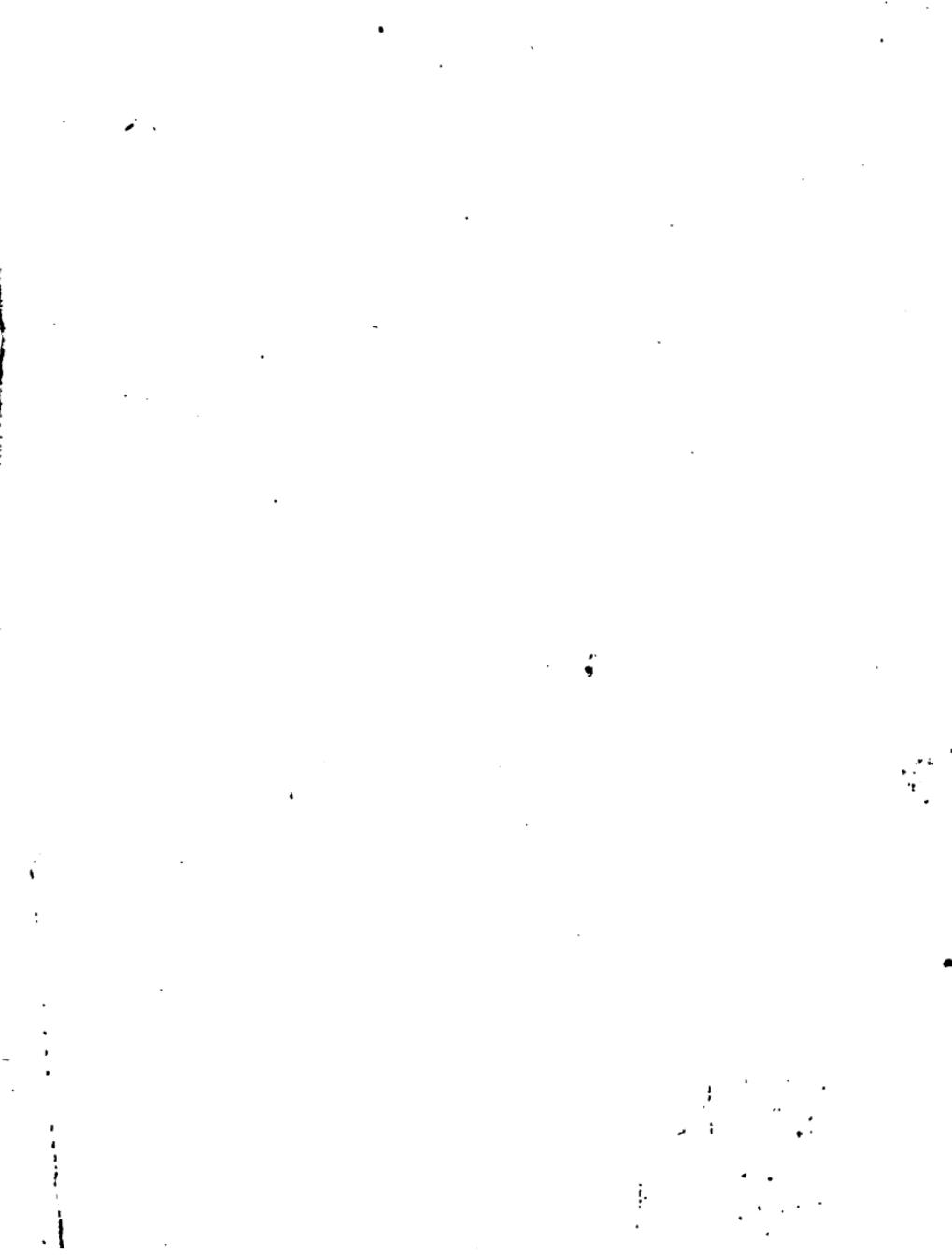
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



~~100000~~, 27 Mexican.





STONES FOR THE TEMPLE;

OR

GAINING THE SUMMIT.

POEMS,

BY

MRS. HARRIET WARNER RE QUA.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1885.

U.S.

993715A

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by
HARRIET WARNER RE QUA.

INDEX.

	Page.
Alice and Alfred,	22
As Thou Wilt,	43
A Christmas Poem,	94
A Little While,	149
At the Crossing,	151
A Mystery,	186
Above the Clouds,	195
Bartimeus,	99
Clarence,	121
Convalescence,	147
Content,	185
Dross for Gold,	117
Dawn,	156
Eliza,	17
Faith's Test,	157
For Christ,	184
For Thee,	137
General Gordon,	175
Garibaldi's Wife	177
Herbert,	12
Hymn,	128
Home,	139
His Words,	180
His Mission,	168
Hyacinth,	208
It Shall Be Well With Thee,	45
In His Footsteps,	48
It is Better,	110
In the Valley,	134
Loss and Gain,	35
Little and Much,	125
My King,	38
My Saviour,	135
Meet Again,	161

My Dead One,	201
Not to Fail,	56
No Other Name,	114
Now,	137
Our Pilgrimage,	51
On the Sea,	145
Our Angel,	198
Obey and Win,	119
Prayer,	50
President Garfield's Sickness,	172
Raphael,	27
Reminiscence,	153
Stones for the Temple—Prelude,	7
Sorrow's Mission,	33
Scala Sancta,	46
Seventy Years.	53
The King,	54
The Hebrew's Betrothed,	58
The Sacrifice of Mt. Carmel,	102
The Siege of Babylon,	106
The Valley of Life,	112
Thy Inheritance,	116
Triumphant Here,	118
The Way of Life,	127
Thirsting,	130
Trusting,	132
The Holy Land,	141
The Lost Mamma,	171
Thanksgiving Hymn,	174
The Judgment,	188
The Union Scout,	202
Under the Cloud,	163
Victory after Conflict,	40
What Shall I Render?	131
When There,	142
Work for You,	182

The poems which follow, hardly need introduction—certainly do not require apology. They will vindicate to the intelligent reader—especially, if that reader be of serious and devout purpose—their right to exist. Still, having encouraged the author to throw them into print, I can hardly decline to give them, as her little volume leaves the press, the “God speed!” which she asks.

The author does not pretend to take rank with the

“Bards sublime
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time;”

but song is as natural a mode of expression to her as to the birds of spring-time. She *must* sing, and her singing has seemed to me so sweet, and clear, and true, that it may fitly appeal to a wider audience than has yet gathered about the singer.

The critical reader will find few defects in rhyme and metre—few meaningless epithets—not much, in short, to criticize or condone, in this little volume. The Christian reader will find his experience reflected, his aspirations adequately voiced, his heart cheered, his spirit at once nerved and inspired for more faithful and effective service of that Master on whose altar the author lays her own heart and life.

J. H. GILMORE.

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER, Mar. 17, 1885.



We offer these poems to the public as they have come to us; in many instances, the outcome of experiences gained when passing through some variation of that tribulation which is a part of the inheritance of all God's people. So surely has His bow hung in each cloud, and so has He comforted us in our sorrow, that our life has been compassed with songs of deliverance.

It is the hope—strengthened by encouraging words from many who have read a portion of these pages—that some of the dear children of "Our Father" may find consolation or other possible help herein, that impels this offering. Especially if they who are called to pass through "many sorrows" may be encouraged to lift up their eyes "to the hills from whence cometh our help," we shall be satisfied.

So we send forth a few small loaves and fishes, but we trust, with the blessing of One who may with them feed a multitude.

JANUARY 12th, 1885.

H. W. R.



STONES FOR THE TEMPLE, OR GAINING THE SUMMIT.

STONES FOR THE TEMPLE.

Thus saith the Lord God. Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation. Isa. xxviii: 16.

The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner. St. Luke xx: 17.

Ye, also, as lively stones are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ. 1 Pet. ii: 5.

PRELUDE.

'Mong the wild mountains, narrow ledges,
And peaks crowned with eternal snow;
And steep defiles whose broken edges
Defiance hurl to friend or foe—
Where seething torrents intermingle,
With sweep and swirl, with rush and roar;
Where yawning fissures group, and single
Fantastic boulders reach the shore;—

Where ships come reeking in the surges,
That outward passed 'neath summer sky,
Tossed 'mong the mad winds maniac dirges,
Wrecked on the ragged reefs to lie;—
Where forests stand in stately column,
Whose staunch arms scarce the north wind stirs;
And drooping wand, and cypress solemn,
Watch o'er a thousand sepulchers

Where lie the heart's dead treasures lonely,
And birds sing low to woo again
The spirit of those joys which only
Can rise up in the mists of pain:—
In broken wastes, and lonely places
Where drifts of dawn-light never stray;
And weeds lift up their wild-flower faces,
With tears the sun ne'er kissed away—

In *all* sad places were the goodly stones
Sought for the great King's temple; for alone
In their charred deeps were diamonds: and the sun's
Divinest rays must sparkle in His dome.
The King's trained workmen wrought with careful
skill;



The cankering rust and winding-sheet of clay
Were loosened, and the wondrous jewels still
 Grew brighter 'neath the cutting day by day.

The glittering emerald, like the bow that crowns
 The white throne of Jehovah. Sapphire blue
As the grand arch our sunward vision bounds:
 The sardine precious with its blood-red hue—
Ah, Calvary, thy scenes held sacred still!—
 Chalcedony, white as a heart made pure:
The beryl, shining as the stars that fill
 The dome, where rest who to the end endure.

The chrysolite's pure gold; and amethyst:
 The jacinth's mingled fire of cloud and sun:
The topaz' glimmering mercy, faintly kissed
 With rays lent from the crown already won.
Such were they when the workmen's task was done,
 And to the holy mount the stones were brought.
The laying of the temple there begun,
 The Corner-Stone the builders vainly sought.

Among the radiant jewels was not one
 Fitted, and chosen for the master place.

Yet near them, while they gazed, the royal Stone
Lay very beautiful, and “full of grace.”
Long was the search, “Behold!” at last one cried,
“Yon ‘Rock of Ages’ might the temple bear.”
“*Away with it,*” the answer; and untried,
The Corner-Stone, refused, still waited there.

A cloud had darkened o'er them,
For many and many a day,
With night and storm before them,
How could they know the way?
The lightning and the thunder
Were such as Sinai knew;—
In terror and in wonder,
Despair and death in view.

They waited for the nearing
Dawn, that relief might bring;
Hoping, yet trembling, fearing
The coming of the King.
The storm was past, soft lusters
Lit up the mount and leas;
They sparkled in the clusters
Of raindrops on the trees;

They strung the leaves with diamonds,

They hung a bow above;

Then 'neath its arch, in kindness,

He spoke, whose name is Love,

“O, earth, long deaf to sweetness

Of song that thrills the spheres!

O, earth, in night's completeness

Groping, through countless years!”

“I bid you hear the story

Shall fill Heaven's song alway;

I bid you see the glory

That dawns for you to-day.

Rise ye and build; The gracious

‘The sure-foundation’ Stone

Behold! my ‘tried’ and ‘precious,’

My ‘chosen’ and *Mine own.*”

“The glitter and the whiteness

That glimmer from the rest,

Only reflect the brightness

That slumbers in His breast.

Arise and build, your sadness

Banish, and haste to bring,

With glory and with gladness,
Homage to Christ the King."

Ye, also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ. 1 Peter ii: 5.

I.

HERBERT.

In the full flush
Of hope's glad springtime, Herbert gave his life
To the Redeemer; the divinest hush
Of consecrated purpose calmed the strife
Of earth-ambition, and where seemed to merge
His promise-path among the stars of night,
It higher rose and touched the outmost verge
Of Heaven's enthroned, uncomprehended Light.

Unlike the world,
The dizzy world that thronged him, as he passed
Scarce conscious how its mixed machinery whirled,
Such fairer visions charmed him; and the vast,

Inscrutable dominion of God's will
In every cause he studied; fold on fold
Its grandeur rose about him; and the thrill
Of rapture quickened as Heaven's truth unrolled.

The *advancing world*

Had challenged what might seem discrepancies
In God's two books, Nature and Law Revealed;
Had challenged true as one who, blindfold, sees
With daylight all around him, 'wildering shapes
Flash on his dizzy fancy, and complains
Of night and ghosts: Or, sleeping, scarce awakes,
To know what sowing brings the choicest gains.

But not content

To know the truth himself, young Herbert climbed
Sunward for demonstrations; and unbent
Some crooked twists of "science," falsely named;
And from the o'erturned stratum of earth's crust
He brought up proofs reliant; and the caves
Contributed their store; and with their trust
Came, throbbing to his feet, the ocean-waves.

The books were safe

Enough, tis true, through all the rush, and clash,

And clamor of the scientific strife,
Based on the Rock Eternal, not the crash
Of all the unnamed spheres, had power to stir
The "Sure Foundation" Granite; or erase
From the full page, one living character,
Each glowed in light that glittered from God's face.

Yet many saw
His work, and said, "Amen, the book is true,
The dear, old book we cherished long ago;
We knew it, yet we feared these doctrines new
Might overthrow the faith of weaker ones;
Now, God be praised; His holy counsel bright
Shines out more grandly than a million suns:—
And he is blind who does not see the light."

Thus much of toil.—
'Twas joy for him to labor all the day
With large results, and genial, yielding soil:
But God had chosen now a different way.
He saw the inner subtlety of being there
Unharmonized with the Divine; He knew
The radiant temple held a jewel rare,
With grandest possibilities in view.

Not as the blaze

 Of transient meteor flashing through the sky,
Admired and feared while fixed the wondering gaze;
 He should be as the stars to shine on high,
Through boundless reach of everlasting years;
 Next to the throne to sing redeeming grace
When from his face was wiped away the tears,
 By His dear hand, who won for him the place.

So on his brow

 The damps of evening gathered; and his sun
Dropped from the zenith swiftly; still and slow
 The languid limbs moved, for the race was done.
Only endurance now of bitter pain,
 And weakness most intense; and backward gaze
With some regret; and forward to the gain;
 Learning forever more of trust and praise.

So hard it seemed

 To some who gloried in his work; much prayer
Ascended for him. But they never dreamed
 The grandeur of the Royal purpose there.
The white stone, burnished more and more each day,
 Brought out new lustre till the Sovereign fair,

Beside the sufferer bending tenderly,
Beheld His perfect image glystering there.

“It is enough,”
He said, “Friend, come up higher, thy mansion waits
Thy lordly presence. Now thy voyage rough
Is over; now the calm, the rest within the gates,
Where nought from love and bliss thy soul can sever;
Thou hast been faithful o'er a few things here,
Now thine the reign, the victory forever.
Now I am with thee, friend, be of good cheer.”

And thus he passed
Beneath the fogs that hang about the river:
The wan smile changed to joyousness at last,
As lit his view the kingdom won forever.
And they who bade farewell, saw, on his face
Reflected, the white lustre of God's throne.
And they who welcomed him, beheld the grace
That all triumphant on each feature shone.

So to its place
The star went, glistening as the morning light,
And high they hung it where its ray would grace

The ages ever circling. To the bright
Shade of the Eternal soared the soul that blazed
Incessant with the glory of the King,
Burning and bright'ning ever, as he praised,
Veiling his face, with countless seraphim.

II.

ELIZA.

She was most fair,
In the gold-threaded tresses seemed to lie,
Hiding, soft glints of sunrise; and the rare,
Transcendent beauty of her soul-filled eye
Brought her strange worship; often as she passed,
The superstitious peasant made the sign
Of the cross, as if she were God's angel, cast
In saintly mould, mysteriously divine.

The deep, dark night
Of error swathed the world; the while a train
Of ignorant superstitions stalking quite

Unchecked, wrought terror: And the iron chain
Of creed unholy, bound the soul that might
By other possible have found its wings.
All knelt and worshiped at the same gross shrine,
And grew more like the nameless, shameless things
Adored, and called, blasphemously, divine.

“ All ”? few were there
To whom the lamp of truth had lent a ray,
And lifting up their torches o'er the glare
Of evil shrines; had in thier hearts the day
That hath no setting kindled; she was one,
The fair Eliza, unto whom the way
Of life eternal opened, and the Sun,
With hallowed splendor, lit her cloudless day.

Men cannot hide
God's truth. If so be they have heard
The gospel call, obeyed, and then abide
In Christ the Lord, the soul-reviving word
They too will herald. Not in cloisters dim,
Beneath enshrouding folds, the light will shine,
But in the world's great darkness; and for Him
Who kindles in the breast the ray divine.

So her light shone,

How could she quench the Star that lit her night?

How cover up the glory of the Sun?

How soil the lustre of her garments white?

Although she knew unhallowed hands were spread

To smother out truth's earliest, faintest ray;

And storms might pour their fury on her head,

And flames of torture light her upward way.

"He that will save

His life, shall lose it," so she read, and long

In silence pondered: Far from being brave,

Self-unreliant, rather weak than strong;

But as she mused and prayed, her inmost soul

Was stirred with holiest resolve; and love

Poured its brimmed chalice at Christ's feet, the whole

Of her sweet store which pain or death might prove.

So shone her light

In the foul darkness, and some caught the ray

Rejoicing, other some who chose the night,

Because of deeds too dark to meet the day,

Glared on her fiendishly with brows as dark

As vapors from the pit, the while they cried,

Heretic! and at the glittering mark
Was launched the arrow that all Heaven defied.

A dungeon soon*

Opened to let her in, the thick slime hung
Festooning all the walls; so deep the gloom
She could not see her way, but groped among
Things horrible, from which her touch recoiled;
And gazed with burning eyes into the night.
But Christ her King was with her and despoiled
The conqueror of his triumph; there was light.

So fair a flower,
So delicately reared, could not long stay
In such surroundings, and the final hour
Drew nearer, as she faded, day by day.
Her work was finished. She had stood when all
Else had forsaken Him she held so dear;
Her only power at last to faint and fall
Low at His feet, scarce knowing He was near.

One day she traced
Upon the rough stone of her prison wall,

*The Spanish Inquisition.

Words, that through decades circling, uneffaced,
Shone out, at last before the world, when all
That massive horror stone by stone was razed,—
When judgment, long delayed, appeared at last.
Demanding retribution; when outblazed
God's wrath, consuming, with its fiery blast.

These words she wrote:

"Be faithful unto death, and thou shalt wear
A crown of endless life." Consoling hope!
And from the glory shadowless and rare
Came the glad summons homeward, by her side,
The scintillating splendor of His face
For whom she had forsaken all beside,
Transformed into a palace grand the place.

So with a song
Of halleluiahs on her lips, she passed
The guarding sentinels: The cruel throng
Had power no more to harm her, for the last
Fell foe was conquered; and the heavy chain
Bound but the wasted casket to the floor;
And the white soul without a spot, or stain,
Or wrinkle, rose to triumph evermore.

Pure stone so fair,
Blood washed, and burnished, radiant in whiteness:
Thy glorious beauty is beyond compare;
Reflecting ever the supernal Brightness.
Thy long, dark night is ended and the morn,
Unclouded and eternal, dawns for thee,
O, living gem exaltingly adorn
The temple of thy King eternally!

III.

ALICE AND ALFRED.

Cloud upon cloud
Of crimson drapery warmed the dappled east,
And nature sung her jubilee aloud.
Not yet the earth had gathered to her breast,
With a long hush, her babes, the latest flowers.
It was the last of summer, and it seemed
The whole creation seized the glorious hours
For mutual joy, ere storms their harvest gleaned.

So in the joy
Of nature's sunniest beauty, two tried hearts

Plighted such faith as time cannot alloy ;
Such faith as grows more brilliant when departs
All other radiance from the being's store;
That lives, each for the other, well content
From love's fair alabaster cruse to pour
Its balm complete, with richest perfumes blent.

And they were joined
At the hymeneal altar, one of twain,
It was not difficult; each heart was coined
In mould harmonic, and the chorded strain
United, gathered sweetness. It might be,
Some minor notes, discordant, jarred the keys;—
For what earth tunes are perfect?—Harmony
Abides with love, and love soon silenced these.

His was the task
To lift benighted spirits to the day,
That in Heaven's holy sunlight they might bask:
To feed the hungry; and beside the way
Scatter the good seed, then with patient care
Watch for the harvest; and the “hundred fold,”
“Sixty,” or “twenty,” tenderly prepare
For the great garner in God's house of gold.

And as she might

She helped him in his labor; she could bring
To bind dissevered limbs the linen white;
And sometimes pour the oil; and sometimes sing
The good King's praises, till some sadder heart
Caught, in its clinging echoes, the refrain,
And joined the cadence, till new hopes would start
To being, crowned with Heaven's joy again.

Years came and went

Bringing much sweetness and some thrills of pain;
Alice and Alfred were not quite content;
A somewhat haunted with a sense of loss; the chain
Of love that bound them had grown still more bright;
And friends had multiplied; and fair success
Was theirs; but clouded shone the light,
They scarce knew why, at least did not confess.

But in their home

Was never sound of childhood's tender feet:
Their's was a busy life, with little room
For vain repinings; e'en the pleasures sweet
That bloomed about them, scarcely time had they
To sip their fragrance wholly, as they passed

To reach some higher goal upon their way;
For there was much to do, and time sped fast.

One day there came
A tiny, tender crystal from God's sea;
A glittering spark from the immortal Flame;
An atom sweet of Heaven's immensity.
Soft-folded like the birdlings in their nest;
And shining like the dew in cloudy rift.
And Alice drew the sunbeam to her breast,
Praising the Giver for His dearest gift.

Months sped away,
The child grew stronger and more sweetly fair;
Bright as the morning of a cloudless day,—
Almost angelic perfectness was there.
Some whispered, “All too beautiful to stay.”
And then the mother clasped her closer still,
And when she bent her head and tried to pray
This was the prayer: “O be not *thus* God's will.”

She did not mean
To love the gift unduly, but so sweet
The tender clinging of the helpless thing;

And earthly life, before so incomplete,
Seemed now o'erfilled with blessing; and the grand,
 And happy future held delights, till this
Time all unknown. She did not understand
 The way God meant to lead her into bliss.

The cloud hung low,—
 And darkness like Egyptian night was there;
A night of dread, and fear, and pain, and woe.
 Only *His* promise shone where fell despair
Had triumphed else, “Behold I set my bow
 On high, Fear not, O, children of my grace!”
He said, “The rising waves shall not o'erflow;
 I cloud earth's joys that ye may see *My Face.*”

So it was done,
 The tiny harp was stilled, the precious life
Rose to expand in beauty near the Sun.
 ‘Twas well, the victory gained without the strife.
But O! the loneliness where two knelt long,
 Praying for grace to bear; for strength to fight
Life's weary battle, till the victor-song
 Should end the gloom and usher in the light.

And not in vain

Were they afflicted: on their vision rose
The Sun's unsullied splendor; clouds and rain
Had brought forth fruit celestial; deepest woes
The choicest clusters. For Christ fed them still,
And cheered them with His brightness evermore;
'Till every longing merged into His will;
And all the way they praised, seeing He went before.

IV.

RAPHAEL.

Disease had lain,

Upon the fair young brow, its wasting hand
From infancy; in weariness and pain,
He climbed the steep ascent to manhood: Grand
And fairy visions, such as chain the sight
Of other youths, he saw not: But alone
He tread the labyrinth of suffering's night;
Sorrow his sister, and delights unknown.

He did not know

That all the windings of his shadowy way

Were planned by skill Omnicient; and the slow,
And devious paths he followed day by day,
With many a tangled twist and narrow turn,
All led to one broad highway, grand and fair,
With the King's splendor lit; and lamps that burn
By His hand fashioned, and placed fadeless there.

One day a clew,
Ariadne like, was placed within his hand,
It led him to a broader place; the view
Into enchanting beauty did expand.
And through his inmost being shone a light
So clear, he knelt before the blazing shrine;
Nor knew the glory that illumed his night
Shone from an earthly centre, not divine.

But Heaven drew near
And touched the idol-altar, and it fell
In hopeless ruin; what had been so dear,
Wrapping the senses with a charmèd spell,
Left but an agony of pain and woe,
And gathered midnight; and the last farewell
To the beloved and sleeping, was the slow,
And heartfelt severance from the world as well.

His star consumed

To ashes, and from out the white-heat glow
Of dying joys, a hope immortal bloomed,
And trembled on his soul-horizon low;—
The earth was dark and cheerless; might the Sun
Not light a life that had nor moon, nor star?
E'en then his soul's unending day begun,
Though scarce perceived, its ray so faint and far.

God's chosen one

Was he, to do a marvelous work for Him;
A work to shine in brightness like the sun,
When earth's sublimest structures should grow dim,
Or utterly be burned. *His chosen one*:
And so He won him from the world and sin;
And so from devious paths the way alone
Of life was reached, where God's own light shone in.

And then he wrought

With marvelous beginnings, which soon grew
Gigantic in proportions; past his thought
His work expanded, but content, he knew
The Hand that led him onward evermore;
And what to earth was mystery, to him

Was lucid as the sunlight. Hovering o'er
The guiding pillar blazed, or cloud waxed dim.

From far and near,

Were gathered in earth's suffering ones, and skill,
And love, and faith, and never ceasing care

Watched o'er their feeble footsteps, sinking still
Lower each day to the dark floods beneath,

Whose throbbing many heard; while sad despair
Darkened their features. For the call of death
Cheers only those who Christ's own image wear.

And they were taught

The principles of holy love, and faith,
And o'er and o'er again the Spirit wrought

The miracle of giving sight. And death
Was changed for life. And, farther on,

The Saviour led, to pastures still more green;
From glory unto glory, till outshone
The infinite, and glad they stepped therein.

And he was blest,

The instrument in the Eternal's hand,
And through his toil he reached divinest rest;

Above the earth Heaven's glory heights he scanned,
And brought from thence new radiance to entwine
 The foreheads of the dying. While from night
That rayless fell, to the dear Hand divine,
 He brought the palms that, groping, felt for light.

One day he heard
 The Shepherd say, "My lambs are hungered, feed
Them." And they were bidden to the bounteous board,
 For Christ had spread it for them; and no need
Was unsupplied. And broad the halls and fair
 That sheltered them, His little ones beloved,
And ever fell His shadow o'er them there,
 Where His unchangeing truth was flawless proved.

Again he heard,
 "Build *Me* an house, and call the wanderers in,
And there proclaim My living, faithful word.
 And bid who name *My Name to cease from sin*:
Broad as the world's dark night My light shall shine;
 Deep as its sin My love; and high as Heaven
Redemption rises. Tell the souls that pine
 For springs unwasting, ask, it shall be given."

One after one

Those domes were lifted, faith the fulcrum tried,
And prayer the lever. While the world looked on
Aghast, and wondered: Still the work spread wide
And other domes were reared, in His great name
Who bids man ask for bountiful supplies
And take them: While, as yesterday the same,
Whate'er is asked in faith He ne'er denies.

But tongue or pen

The grandeur of the work can never tell.
When the great summing up is finished, then
What we scarce dream of now we shall know well;
How many blood-washed, glorified shall stand
Among the holy, who had not been there
If to their need had reached no open hand;
If Heaven were not unlocked by faith and prayer.

SORROW'S MISSION.

There is no path, though kissed by cool, pale lilies,
And bowered with beauty heaped against the sky;
But hath some graves hid in some marshy tangle,
Where dead hopes buried lie.

There is no heart that, like the lake-fed fountain
Sings on and on, glad in its stillless flow;
But hath some secret closet locked, concealing
The skeleton of woe.

And wherefore? God hath given Grief a mission,
And only when the eye with tears is dim,
O'er wrong, disaster, tumult, and confusion,
Does man look up to Him.

Presumptuous man would walk through time unaided,
And only when his towering Babel falls,
By which he thought to gain the land supernal,
And scale the gem-laid walls.

Only among the ruins of his labor,
Where hangs the midnight of his self-despair;
Prostrate in helpless, hopeless heart-contrition
He breathes accepted prayer.

And wherefore? Heard ye of a wondrous vision,
Grander than lips can tell or pencil paint,
When swung the gates that hide the realms Elysian,
Before an exiled saint?

Heard ye of throngs who pressed the crystal waters,
And walked enchanted on the silver sands?
Of blood-washed robes, and star-girt crowns imperial,
And palms that decked those hands?

Heard ye how came they there? By each storm lashing
The black waves to white terror, were they driven,
O'er the tumultuous ocean ever nearer,
The harbor men call Heaven.

So, have ye faith?—Griefs then are angel-pinions,
Wafting ye sunward; and the holy land
Lies that way. Look up with thanksgiving:
The world hangs on God's hand.

LOSS AND GAIN.

Lord, it is utterly nothing, nothing I bring to Thee,
Thou hast let the light of Thy Heaven down so I can
plainly see;
I thought I had wealth and worth to bring, and a por-
tion of love and bliss;
Nor dreamed the whole of my fanciful store could shrivel
and fade to this.

Lord, it is utterly nothing, I bring with shame and tears
The gathered griefs and sorrows of fruitless and faith-
less years;
The fires that are burned to ashes, the hopes that are
dead and lost,
Flowers nourished and cherished fondly, grown sear
with the early frost.

Lord, it is *worse* than nothing, yet all that I have to
bring
Is here in the hapless burden laid down at the feet of
the King.

I would I could make it worthy, could lighten with
stars the night,
Could wring out the sin and sorrow, and wash the offer-
ing white.

It is finished, my bootless labor, my quest for a living
tree
Whose branch might sweeten and brighten the Marah of
misery.
It is finished, my useless striving, my waiting for
worth of my own;
I can only fall down with my burden, and trust in Thy
grace alone.

And oh! where I fall Thou hast found me, and oh! Thou
art lifting me up!
And into the sea of Thy mercy the sin and the suffering
drop.
The arms of Thy love are beneath me, the seal of Thy
troth on my hand.
Oh, love that is infinite, holy! O, Presence, supernal
and grand!

I give Thée my striving and straying and take back a
heaven of peace;

I give Thee my efforts unskilful, and fruitless—thrice
blessed release;

I take back Omnipotence holy, and tender, and loving,
and true,

Oh, barter the wonder of wonders! Oh, grandeur that
glimmers in view!

O, law that is flawless and dreaded! O, Victim of Cal-
vary slain!

In *Thee* are fulfilled its requirements; on Thee are the
wrath and the pain.

O, Lamb that didst bear in their fullness the curse and
the woe that were mine!

The sabre uplifted to slay me is sheathed in the Victim
divine.

MY KING.

Lowly, lowly,
Ah, unworthy, all unworthy of my King,
He, the stately, high and holy,
Before whom the angels sing.

Why He sought me,
Why He bought me,
I can never, never tell;
Why from death's dark mystery brought me,
Near His piercèd feet to dwell.

Lowly, lowly,—
And He dwelleth throned in grandeur unsurpassed,
Crowned with the unshadowed glory.
At His feet the angels cast
Crowns of brightness;
And the whiteness
Of their sinless brows they hide
With their wing's aerial lightness
When they worship at His side.

Lowly, lowly,
Sorrowful and sin-degraded,
What am I, O, King of Glory?
Yet Thou never hast upbraided,
Thou hast lifted
When I drifted
Outward, downward, far from Thee;
And the cloud Thy glory rifted
Showed the upmost Heaven to me.

Lowly, lowly,
Ah, my sin! But in the fountain
Thou hast washed me, O, Thou holy,
Holy, holy Lord. The mountain
Where thou feed'st me,
Where Thou freed'st me,
Burns with brightness past the sun;
And the glory where Thou lead'st me
Fills the omniglorious throne.

VICTORY AFTER CONFLICT.

I.

I heard on the murmurous night winds a sound of sighing and grief,
As one overwhelmed with the tempest breathed a mourning cry for relief.
“ I fade as a leaf before Thee, I shiver and shrink in the blast:
I moan in the pitiless wild winds and wish that the night were passed;
The night with its sorrow and sighing, the night with its tears and pain.
Oh chill are the fogs about me, and chill are the sleet and the rain:
Unpitied, unsheltered, unfriended, I walk through a land of foes.
I must sink in the mire and darkness where the rising wave o’rflows,
Unless from the gate o’er the mountain comes a ray of light divine,

Arise, Oh, Help of the helpless! O, Star of the morning
shine!"

II.

Hush! a sound far off in the stillness, a glittering line
of light,

A tinge o'er the mountain summit of amethyst and
white;

A voice on the sacred silence falls sweet as a seraph's
song,

*"Lo! I am with you always, and the night shall not be
too long.*

*I have set a bound to the tempest, the waves have no power
to harm;*

*Behold my shield is above thee, beneath the Eternal
Arm."*

III.

Then I heard through the hush of the tempest the suf-
ferer's voice again,

With a quiver of holy gladness, of victory after pain,

"Lord, I will be content with *Thy will*, whatever it
may prove:

I will be content with Thy will, I will love what Thou
dost love.

O show me the highest mountain I may reach by faith
in Thee!

O show me the grandest victory Thou hast in store for
me!

And give me the grace to follow, unmurmuring, if in-
stead,

The deeps of the darkest valley my tired feet must
tread.

I knew that naught can happen, by chance, to a child
of Thine;

For the steps of the trusting are ordered, and Thou
wilt order mine.

So what if the night be lonely, and what if the night be
long?

I will trust through the deepest darkness, and silence
fear with a song."

DECEMBER 24th, 1884.

AS THOU WILT.

Lord, it is better as *Thou* wilt, Thy way is better than ours.

We would have had it otherwise once, sunshine, and birds, and flowers;

Beautiful all as a dream of bliss, a pathway thornless and smooth,

Leading us higher and nearer to Thee, and the beautiful gate above.

Lord, it is better as *Thou* wilt; with faltering steps and slow,

We have tried to climb the slippery steep where the mountain-torrents flow.

With fingers numb and with bruised feet, we have pressed through the blinding gale,

With only a broken prayer to cheer, and a promise that could not fail.

Lord, it is better as *Thou* wilt, for not in our terror alone

Didst Thou leave us to tread the difficult path with
tangled briars o'ergrown.

When the boulders high shut out every ray from the
dank and thorny place,

Above the rustle of angels' wings came a glimmer of
God's face.

And the night was changed into joyous dawn, and the
way was rough no more.

We saw in the moveless giant rock before us an "open
door."

And with songs of praise we entered there to a large and
goodly place,

Where our feet glide on in the heavenly way "as a strong
man runs a race."

And what is it now if the way be rough, and what if the
way be fair,

A light is shining above the clouds, and summer is
always there.

A little while and no storm can come to hide away His
face,

Who hath gone to the many-roomed palaces to furnish
for us a place.

DECEMBER 23d, 1884.

IT SHALL BE WELL WITH THEE.

Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him. Isa. iii: 10.

It shall be well with thee, O, Christian, listen!

Though dark the cloud above, and rough the sea,
Though in thine eye the rain of sorrow glisten;

It shall be well with thee.

It shall be well with thee; a light is gleaming

Beyond the cloud; and waves shall harmless be;
And smiles shall light the eyes where tears are
streaming;

It shall be well with thee.

It shall be well with thee; above the mountain

Where toil thy feet the bow of promise see;
And by yon sterile path springs many a fountain;
It shall be well with thee.

It shall be well with thee; though crosses gory

Strew all the way far as thine eye may see,
Upon each hangs a wondrous weight of glory;
It shall be well with thee.

It shall be well with thee; beyond the river,
Where living waters ripple to the sea,
And all is light, and life, and joy forever,
It shall be well with thee.

SCALA SANCTA.

In Rome they tell you 'tis the sacred stair
O'er which, weighted with agony, the Christ
Staggered, half fainting, to the morning air,
From Pilate's Hall, to keep with Death his
mournful tryst.

And pilgrims now of every age and name,
From countries far remote come wearily,
And climb the marble steep, in tears and shame,
Upon their bended knees, slowly and painfully.

Ava Maria! They cry as o'er and o'er
The rosary beads are numbered, and the sign
Of Jesus' cross is made. While just before
The imaged Christ they came to see looks down
benign.

At last they reach his side and press his feet
With kisses; and his wounds they bathe with
tears.

Sublime devotion! but the deed complete,
They say wins pardon for the sins of five and
twenty years.

O, Christ of God! Christ of Gethsemane!
Not thus, and thus do we to Thee draw near;
Once wert thou lifted up that we might see:
And now, by faith we claim Thy sacred presence
here.

Once didst Thou bear our sin, and woe, and shame,
And so we cast that burden at Thy feet,
Pleading the merit of "no other name,"
Earning no meed. Faith finds Thy gracious work
complete.

No *Scala Sancta* do we need to rise
Where our crowned King awaits us; for His hand
Opens the holiest to our wondering eyes;
Rapt visions past our power to prove or under-
stand!

IN HIS FOOTSTEPS.

'Tis a narrow road, a narrow road,
I'm treading alone to-day,
Where, ages agone the gray rock showed
The solemn traces of sacred blood,—
For the slain One passed this way.

He passed this way, He passed this way
To a realm that is grand and fair;
A city lit up with a sun-bright ray:
I'm seeking that land, so I walk this way,
For I know it will lead me there.

Sometimes the snow of a drifting cloud
Comes sifted among the flowers,
But my dearest treasures it cannot enshroud,
And the sun-rays stoop to the heads that are
bowed
'Till snow turns to freshening showers.

The way is rough, is often rough,
And over the mountains high:

But I sing, as I climb o'er each frowning bluff,
“The shining summit I'm sure enough,
Is nearer the throne-lit sky.”

“And it may be there, it may be there;
I shall catch a passing gleam
Of the garnished towers of the city fair:
Or the sapphire arch of the gate-way where
The glorified go in.”

It will not be long, it cannot be long
Ere the golden clime I near;
I have caught a glimpse of the holy throng;
I have heard the strain of a joyous song,
That mortals seldom hear.

It is not far, it cannot be far,
To the end of my pilgrim way;
I can see, by the light of the holy star,
That guides me homeward, it is not far,
And I bless its pearly ray.

PRAYER.

So strong is my desire; so great my need;
So vast the interests pending, as I plead:
So little do I know the hidden deep,
And outmost reach of my necessities,
So subtle and so limitless. So steep
The ascent to springs unfailing: and the ties
That hold the spirit earthward are so strong.
So all unsearchable the sympathies
That crowd and jostle in unnumbered throng.

What shall I ask for, as I bend the knee?
Thy word of grace has promised full supply:

What shall I say for every clamoring want:
Or deeply felt; or less than understood ?

How shall I ask the Infinite to grant
That which I crave; yet know not whether good,
Or ill, it may be? how the cup refuse
That seems so bitter, but may prove to be

The balm of healing? Nay, I dare not choose.

 Oh Life! Oh Love! Oh Light! Infinity,
I pray, I plead, give, give Thyself to me,
And what Thou wilt beside: Thou sum of bliss
In Whom all fullness dwells, all power, all peace,
To endless blessing Thou the open door;
Give me Thyself, I ask, nor wish for more.

OUR PILGRIMAGE.

We may not wait—the sun is lost behind

 Yon cloudy bank that props the western skies;
This is no time for footsteps groping blind;
 Or backward gazing with repining sighs.

We may not wait—earth's viands richly spread,

 We eat, with bitter herbs, and staff in hand;
And, through the mist, by heavenly guidance led,
 Must hasten forward to the holy land.

Behind us gleams upon the kindling waves,
The gold washed from the sun—we hasten on.
Around us lie, alas! flower-covered graves,
Our dead,—we leave them till the night be gone.

Before us desert lands perchance outspread;
Yonder the foe; and there the yeasty sea;
What matters?—Lo! yon burning shaft ahead;
The Voice that whispers, “Rise and follow Me.”

Haste, haste, the flaming pillar homeward glides,
The golden gate of Canaan is before;
No proud oppressor there our grief derides;
And Egypt-shackles can afflict no more.

Haste, haste, beside the river gleaming yon,
Where ends our pilgrimage, and toil, and tears,
A light breaks brighter than the noonday sun,
And, in its folds, what glittering dome appears?

Lo! 'tis the city where Messiah reigns:
Gold palaces for pilgrims! *Rest and home!*
Oh, joy! Oh, rapture! *what eternal gains,*
For loss, *how trifling*, in the land of doom.

Joy! joy! between the shafts of lucid pearl
Unfolding, gleams the Royal welcoming;
See, palms outwave; and banners bright unfurl,
Hastè, haste, behold! The beauty of the King!

SEVENTY YEARS.

Ye say I'm old, that seventy years have strewn
Their frosts above the eyes that no more see;
And but the sear leaf lingers of life's bloom:

It seems not so to me.

My soul looks outward from her prison bars,
Like a caged eagle, iron-nerved and strong,
Tracing her homeward pathway 'mong the stars,
Where wait the unnumbered throng.

Tho' far away that city undefiled,
Strains of celestial rapture greet my ears;
For saints sing sweetest in a land where smiles
Are not washed out with tears.

And near my couch of pain bends tenderly
The Prince of Life, crowned with effulgence rare;
And o'er my withered brow I hear Him say,
“Thou’rt fair, my love, all fair.”

He knoweth in this failing temple burns
A flame of fire immortal, and more bright
Than sparkles in the incense-burning urns,
On altars of the night.

And though my body perish, it shall rise
Alike the Phœnix, glorious from its clay,
With wing celestial plumed for parting skies,
Above the clouds away.

THE KING.

Lie low! Oh, heart, the King is passing by!
This darkening of the sky
Is the grand canopy before Him spread;
This shaking of the shore and sea—
Thy world, Oh, heart—ah, bow the knee!
It is His regal tread.

Thou mournest; was the lost light more to thee,
Ah, foolish heart! than He
Who formed thine eye its brightness to behold?
Say'st thou, "Alas, Oh, King! this earth of Thine
Has rent and swallowed every joy of mine!
To dross has turned my gold."

Be still ! He comes! and if it be with night
Veiling His presence bright;
Dark waters and thick clouds about Him furled;
Hail- Stones and coals of fire His pathway mark,
Kindling with livid glow the appalling dark,
Flames of a ruined world—

Be still ! He comes! worship ye desolate,
His car is at the gate.
He comes! He comes! the Lord of earth and sky!
A worm, bruised art thou? shalt thou rise and say,
"My Lord, the King, why didst thou ride this way
While I went creeping by?"

Bow down! Jehovah! lo, the cloud stands still—
Creatures, obey His will,

Joyful if but to serve to you be given—
Lo! from the dust he lifts the worm His car
Had crushed, and lights it, so a star,
New-made, burns in the heaven.

NOT TO FAIL.

'Tis not to fail at last,
That He hath brought thee, Christian, on thy way;
Through storms that gathered round thee thick and fast;
And clouds that all thy earthly heaven o'ercast,
From night to dawning of supernal day.

'Tis not to fail, Oh, child
Of the eternal Father! that His hand
Reached out among the billows breaking wild,
To grasp thine own, death-damped, and sin-defiled,
Lifting thee toward the sinless summer-land.

'Tis not to fail, Oh, heart
By sin and sorrow blighted; that He laid

His own scarred hand upon thee, till the smart
Of the soul-agony was drawn apart;
Then whispered, "It is I, be not afraid."

'Tis not to fail on earth,
That He hath broken and hath healed thee so;
Thy fears, unworthy of celestial birth;
Thy painful strife, and joys unceasing dearth
Cast in the Fount that washes white as snow.

Arise, go forth *and shine*;
For He hath lit thy lamp that thou might'st hold
It high, with radiance dimless and divine,
Where deepening shades with deepest night entwine;
Where souls grope blindly; comfortless, and cold.

'Tis not to fail at last,
That He hath called and sealed thee for His own;
And shielded thee through dangers that are passed.
Hope on, Oh, Christian, not to fail at last,
He leads thee upward ever to His throne!

THE HEBREW'S BETROTHED ; OR, THE CROSS
TRIUMPHANT.

I.

It was midsummer, all the day
The wandering zephyrs wooed the flowers,
And half their sweetness kissed away:
While earth grew dizzy 'neath the showers
Of gold the sun rained down; the sea
Folded above her heart, beat loud
With sense of suffering sympathy,
And pushed up toward the sun a screen-like cloud.

On a proud nation's princeliest Isle,
Whose trailing robe the North Sea's foam
Sought vainly to wash white, mid wild,
Fair scenes, a dwelling stood. The bloom
Of clambering, blue-eyed flowers, the walls
Adorned with beauty. Drooping there
No slothful luxury filled the halls—
Or stately grandeur useless, cold, and rare.

Beside a casement, where the vines
Swayed to the tremor of the air,
And sleepy wall-flowers bent, half blind
To reach the shade, in earnest prayer
A maiden knelt; with tears her eyes
O'erflowed; with prisoned pain her breast
Throbbed wildly: while the quivering sighs,
And broken prayers her grief but half expressed.

“Help me my King,” she cried, “dismayed,
And strengthless, lo, I wait on Thee!
Pleading Thy royal pledge for aid,
Trusting immutability.”

From unseen censers drooping low,
Celestial peace her being thrilled;
And, bathed in Heaven’s divinest glow,
Her soul to childlike rest was stilled.
“Thy will be done,” she said, “for aye,
Tho’ earth beneath, and heaven above
At thy command, shall fade away,
Still changeless is Thy faithful love.”—

—“Dear Miriam”—and the tender tone,
Thrilled, as in years gone by, her heart—
“At last the hours are almost gone
When we must meet again to part;
O, long have seemed the months to me!
And slow the lagging breeze, at best
That bore our ship across the sea,
Home from the wild lands of the West.
But—you are changed—the grief and bliss
Of tears and smiles, like May-day sun,
And April showers, calmed down to this
Half solemn mood and measured tone
Falling so strangely on mine ear:
Are you not happy Miriam, dear?
Or why e'en now that silent tear?
Speak, love, and bid my fears depart,
Or tell me what has won away
The sunshine that embalmed your heart.”—

“Well, then, do you remember? nay,
I know that you remember well
Our last sad parting, and the tears
That silent and unbidden fell;

For long and lonely seemed the years
Ere we might meet again; too sad
Indeed was I, and lengthening days
Increased my loneliness and grief;
It seemed that joys last, fading rays
Were dying on my brow. Relief
I sought not, and her calls were brief.

One day too long my walk had been,
And at a cottage by the sea
I asked a cup of water, then
A lady gave a book to me.
I read it, and my soul was thrilled;
So shone full-orbed Divinity.

I thought an angel must have held
The pen that wrote so marvelously.
I read, my lamp at midnight burned
The while I traced each wondrous page
That spoke of One whom, age on age,
Unthinking man has coldly spurned:
Of Him who left His Father's throne
Above the star-illumined sky,
For man's transgressions to atone,
For him upon the cross to die—
The Son of God, the holy One.”

“ Nay, Miriam, God ne’er sent his Son,
From regal splendors of the sky,
To wander through earth’s wilds alone;
And on a shameful cross to die.
Messiah, true, will sometime come
And—Heaven speed the gracious day—
Then as a radiant bride will bloom
The Earth, while sorrows melt away.
Those who are faithful shall abide,
Thenceforth as courtiers at His side.”

“ Yet, Gabriel, shall I further tell
What then and afterwards befel?—
An anguish smote my heart; such pain
God grant I ne’er may know again:
And strange to say it deeper grew
When’er my eyes were raised to Heaven;
The sky, beyond its leaden hue,
Seemed walled with fire whose folds I knew
With prayer of mine would not be riven.
The Rabbins read the sacred law
Upon each holy Sabbath day,
And spoke of One ordained of God

To take our guilt and grief away;
One who to this sad world would come,
In kingly pomp and power to reign,
When desert wilds would sweetly bloom,

And Eden's beauty smile again.

How oft I wished that He were here,

And wept till long my eyes were dim;
I longed to take my sin and fear,

With my sad, burdened heart to Him:
And then I wondered if He might
Not spurn me from His royal sight."

"Seated upon a mossy rock,
One day, where rose on either side
The cliff, whence flew, with pinions wide,
Wild birds whose glad cry seemed to mock
A heart all joyousness denied:

I watched the waves from far away
Shaking their white caps gleefully;
Then, gliding nearer to the shore,
Among the sands and pebbles there
Fling down their worn-out diamond store;
While jostling rainbows thronged the air.

A glory lit the shore and sea,
What was the sunset gold to me?
I waited, in abstracted mood,
Till, stepping from his crimson throne,
The Sun walked on the pearl-paved flood;
Then, wonderingly, I thought of One
Who walked upon the waves of old,
Not diademed with flaming gold;
But in the midnight, when the storm
Dipped wildly down the blackened wave—
Those waves were granite 'neath His form,
Frighting the hearts He came to save—
His presence calmed the angry flood,
Could He be less than very God ?”

“And then I thought, too, when the wild
Wind tempest from the heavens sprung—
The waves that rocked, with music mild,
In white-draped cradles—down among:
The billows, maddened with the shock,
Arose and smote the winds; afar
From central sea, to shore-braced rock
Was felt the elemental war.
And in its center throbbed, and whirled

A ship, with straining timbers pressed
Waveward: while all the nether world
Seemed opening 'neath the billow's crest.
Strong were the hands that manned the ship,
And strong the hearts, but fear appalled;
And rushing where, in slumber deep,
Reclined their Lord, they wildly called,
'Master, *we perish!*' As a man
He slept o'erwearied; *As a God*
He heard his people's cry of pain,
Rose and rebuked the wrath-stirred flood.
The waves, abashed, the same Voice heard
That called them into being; low
They crouched, all trembling, at His word.
Could voice of mortal calm them so? — —
—Ah! then beside the sunlit flood,
I prayed, *in Jesus' name*, to God.
I cannot tell you what I felt
As on those shifting sands I knelt:
But O! I knew each bar was riven
That shut from me the bliss of Heaven.
And where the rifted arch was swung
A glorious vision blessed my eyes;

The cross, with Calvary's Victim, hung
Midway between the earth and skies.

That vision, would my lips might tell,—
His face than mortals was more fair,
And round, in flaming brightness fell
A wealth of glory crowned hair.

His lips were rife with tenderness,
And parting ever seemed to bless:

And yet the lighting of the sky
Hath less of glory than His eye.

Long, long I gazed, then heard Him say,
'I am the Life, the Truth, the Way!'

"Night had put up her purple bars
Around the fields sown thick with stars;

When, rising from my place of prayer,
I thought the earth ne'er seemed so fair.

A gilded arch of amethyst
Upheld by piers of silver mist,
From which transparent drapings fell
Vailing where long the blonde moon kissed
The dark-faced sea. On rock, and shell,
And foam-edged wave the parting sun
A loving, lingering benison,

With paling, half-chilled fingers, placed
A radiance not yet quite effaced.
I gazed upon the blue, blue sky
Through grateful tears that filled my eye:
It almost seemed that I might see
Beyond, the Heaven that smiled on me.
I flew along the homeward way;
My foster-parent waited me,
And questioned of my lengthened stay;
So clearly shone the truth for me,
I fancied that his eyes might see,
And so I answered, joyfully,
The Christ has come! O, father! *come!*
His brightness fills the earth—the room.
And O, mine eyes have seen Him—mine;
The One eternal and divine.
Rejoice, O, father! ‘Girl!’ he said—
A volume smothered in each word—
‘What means this outbreak? Are you mad?’
Nay, father, nay, I said, The Lord,
Even Jesus, met me—‘Never more
Breathe that cursed name within my door!’
He answered. Need I tell you more?

Darkly the storm-cloud hovered o'er—
Ah, do not think I blame him, no!
I erred no doubt in speaking so,
Of what he could not understand;
Though clear to babes, the high and grand
The truth perceive not. Not the strong,
The weak, the gospel hail. Not long
I stayed there after that; the world
Was large enough for both; each one
Might choose a separate path; God's sun
Would shine howe'er life's eddies swirled."

"Dear Miriam, have you suffered so?
Poor Dove, whose drooping plume of snow
Touches the house-top dust: shall sun,
Or rain, or freshening breeze restore
The peerless whiteness? You have run
Well, surely, but the goal before
Was a poor bubble, Miriam, dear.—
Exquisite picture! Some rude hand
Has marred the beauty angels scanned,
And whispered, 'faultless.' O, beloved,
Still beautiful, though mortal proved !

The dust can be washed out; the gold
In the soiled plumage will unfold
Still lovely: and the picture grand
Shall freshen, 'neath the skillful Hand
That made it perfect first. I see
Henceforth my mission, dear, must be
A guardian kind, yet stern, to stand
Between you, and the holy land
Of your own heart. I do not fear
To take this task: I know the pain
That scourged your melancholy brain;
And, at the last with fitful change,
Wrought in your sight illusions strange;
Painting before the dazzled eye
That vision of an opening sky.
And soon, with peace and joy restored,
These fancies of a new found Lord,
And faith in Him, will melt away
As night before the rising day.

But long has fled the sunset light,
And I must bid you now good night.
Sleep well, love, and the tears forget
That tremble on those eyelids yet."

II.

“Dear Miriam, in the light of morn
How look the visions of the night?
Faded perchance; though Heaven adorn
The grand, eternal truths with light:
Yet must the fancies of mankind
Fade in the high and holy ray.
How with the creatures of your mind,
Bear they the light of opening day?”

“Gabriel, from clouds that held o'erlong
The passion of the tempest, strong
Though unspoken; seeking rest
A pilgrim reached a golden gate
That guards the highway where the blest
Climb to the terraced hills of God;
Reached by no other, easier road.
So in this country of the King
Walking secure from every ill;
This earth its shadows broad may fling
Athwart the way, if such His will.
Yet are they powerless, for the bright,
Refulgent glory of His face

Transforms all darkness into light;
And heavenly beauty gilds each place
Where His dear smile shines in; to-day
His hand points to a narrower road,
Stained, as the way He walked, with blood.
I hear Him whisper, ‘This, the way.’”

“ Dear Gabriel, severed far must be
Our lives; long was the thought to me
Most painful, but the victory
Is gained; the cross triumphant, now
Lights up the Calvary-summit, where
This self-hood felt the mortal blow,
And perished in a chill despair.
Then came the glory that illumed
My life, till all its desert bloomed.”

“ Miriam, that solemn tone and air
Might grace a seraph, from the skies
Sent with a message of despair,
With pitying mercy in her eyes.
But think not thus to fright a heart
That loves, that lives for you alone;
Your hand’s cold touch cannot impart

An icy tremor to my own.
Do you remember, Miriam, dear,
 The summer days so long since flown?
The dear old meadow where we played,
The trees, the dew-encumbered glade,
The scolding brook, the sweet wild-flowers,
That used to charm those halcyon hours?
And once, when Nature was well dressed
In new spring fashions, as we passed
Along the beaten path from school,
Some punishment for broken rule,
Or other ills, my heart oppressed;
And sobs, long smothered, shook my breast;
And then I heard soft, fluttering sighs;
Tears overflowed those sweet, blue eyes.
I saw you weeping for my sake,
And pledged my changeless troth e'en then.
Nay, dearest, you could never break
The heart that breathes those vows again.

 Or, think you of a sadder day,
That took your parents both away?
O, with what hopeless agony,
You clung to the poor, lifeless clay,

With clasp they could not rend away;
And prayed the gathered throng to lay
You, too, within the opening tomb.
You! in your peerless, priceless bloom!—
I sought you then, and drew your hand,
Which yielded to my clasp, in mine,
And unresisted, led you through
The long, long hall, and down the stairs;
Beneath the pearl-embroidered blue
We stood, and gazed upon the sky;
The sun grew paler down the west,
While clouds festooned with ribbons bright
O'erhung his yellow couch that night.
Upon our hearts a holy calm
Fell sweetly as ambrosial balm:
And I, unused to such a mood,
Spoke, as I never thought before,
Of Heaven, where all the pure and good
Dwell with their Lord forevermore.
And whispered, those you loved were blessed
With Moses and the prophets old;
Crowned with a grand supernal rest
In a bright land of bliss untold.

Then pressing close those tear-filled eyes

Against my arm, you bade me tell,

If God was good and Heaven was fair,

Why could you, too, not go to dwell

In sunnier clime and purer air;

Where sin ne'er entered, and the knell

Of sorrow never echoed; where

Death's blighting footstep never fell.

You would not weep to bid farewell

To any, save—there scarce was one;

Your nearest, most beloved had gone

To reach some house built near the sun

And left you orphaned and alone.

Miriam, you never knew the power,

The inspiration of that hour;

I felt the strength of manhood then,

Throb in each nerve and blistering vein.

And vowed to Heaven that boyish arm

Should shield you, dear, from want and harm.

I thought e'en then to seek, afar

Beneath the west world's kindling star,

Where Nature barred the prisoned dust

Men prize—And with a loyal hand

Win from her guarding care her trust.

We parted soon, to meet no more
But once ere this, again, with tears
To part; but hope has cheered the years.
And One who knew my cause was just
Smiled on my efforts evermore;
And I have gained the precious dust
In royally unstinted store.

Miriam, the dear home waits for you
Where passed our childhood's changeful hours,
The same old hills with hoods of blue
Wait, holding new-born, white-robed flowers.
And waits my heart with joy to bear
Its empress to her mansion there."

" Dear Gabriel, tempt no more, I pray,
One, Nature moulded, frail and weak,
From the true path, the only way
To the far Heaven I fain would seek.
My heart may droop beneath the load,
My prisoned soul may break the wire
That holds it to this earth-abode,

But while the flame of vital fire
Shall burn, its lustre is for Him
Who died for me. I drain the cup
He gives, and 'neath the foaming brim
Find smouldering the star of hope,
To light our future joyously"—

" Yet, Miriam, surely you must know
You'd open gates of misery
And flood our lives with withering woe.
Though *you* may be consoled, but yet
Remember *I* can ne'er forget.
Miriam, may not my sorrows light
A ray of sympathy to shine
Through the chill darkness? is the height
Where you are resting so sublime,
That pity for another's woe
Descends not to the vale below?"

" Dear wanderer, to the truth return,
From error's paths of pain; the snares
'Mong which you tread are deep; and stern
The unrequiting woe. Your prayers
Are heard not by the Eternal One

Who veils the glory of His face,
Brighter than the unclouded sun,
So pure His light; so high His place.
Earth-sight is bounded to the mist
That hovers o'er the marsh of sin.
Seeing the murky fold and twist
Of vapors rising; and within
The ignis-fatuus lights; and strange,
And woful fires that scorch and mar
The senses with their flash and change:
You fancy, gazing from afar,
The vision is from God, and trace,
Crowned with the glorious morning star,
The dazzling beauty of His face."

" Nay, Gabriel, I can understand
The law He traces with His hand
Upon my heart; I do not need
The light of circling suns to read
His lucid truth, so pure, and rare,
The light of Heaven reveals it there.
And I have read the prophets old;
Then of the stainless life of Him

Whose eye above earth's woes grew dim.
And know Him by those seers foretold.
That He should come; and how; and where;
And in whose reign, is written there.
That he should preach in Galilee
First. And the seal of Heaven should be
Set on his hand, with which He wrought
Marvels; one needy never sought
His help in vain. At His command
E'en Death brought back his trophies won,
And vanquished, fled with empty hand.
—And He was bruised FOR US; the rod
Was heavy, when lamb-like He stood,
And, speechless, bore the insults rude,
Of throngs that clamored for His blood."

"And think you, Miriam, that the God
Of Heaven would leave His regal throne,
Thus unattended, sad and lone;
To wander through earth's wilderness,
Cursed of the ones He sought to bless?
Surrounded by a lawless mob,
Clamoring and thirsting for His blood?

By them condemned and forced to die?
And do you think the Eternal One
Would calmly bear the insults hurled
Upward from a blasphemous world?

Nay, think you not the gates of gold
Would swing upon their hinges wide;
While vengeful armies issued forth,

To plunge a terror-stricken earth
In desolation's whelming tide?

Yea, had not He, if Heaven's Lord,
With one omnipotent command,
Scattered destruction through the land;

Or seized earth's kingdoms with a word?
For legions must, with unfurled wing,

Were He Messias, wait His call.
Miriam, is He the Lord of all
Who bore these insults? *He your King?*"

"Yes, Gabriel, the eternal King,
Throned 'mid exalted seraphim.
And all this pain, this death He bore
For man the sinner; meeting so
The claims of justice. And no more

Need man wring out the dregs of woe
And drink them. Costlier wine He gives
And who partakes it, joys and—lives.
For so He lives. A shaft of light,
Lit up the morning's early gray

Where Roman soldiers, pale with fright,
In broken column strengthless lay.
An angel touched the massive stone—
How feared *he* Pilate's seal?—it fell;
And glorious, from the baffled tomb,
Arose the Hope of Israel.

And then He led them out, His own,
His chosen; the celestial light
That ever on His forehead shone
Transformed the earthly in their sight:
They saw the folding amber cloud
That wrapped Him from their mortal eyes;
And round Him thronged the angelic crowd
Whose music filled the opening skies,
'Lift up, lift up,' they sang, 'ye gates!
The King of Glory cometh now,
To share the triumph that awaits,
The Conqueror comes with crowned brow!'

So to His Father's throne He passed,
While angels veiled their forms of light
Before His face: the day at last
Had dawned through sorrow's unstarred night.

And now in life's tempestuous sea,
'Mong craggy reefs, and sinking sands,
Where Death's dark waves swirl ceaselessly,
Secure the Rock of Refuge stands.
My soul is anchored to that Rock,
And heeds no more the tempest shock.
And sooner may the opal light
Of earth's last sun go out in night—
Dear Gabriel; yes, and sooner far
May night contain nor moon, nor star,
Than that my soul should drift away
From its sure trust, its steadfast stay.
I weep for you, but with my hand
Held in the dear Redeemer's own,
Fearing nor falteringly I stand:
Content to brave life's storms alone.
I know that should we two embark
Together on the swamping sea,

We drift together toward a dark
And fathomless eternity.
And if we part 'tis but to meet
Where limitless, unclouded day
Shines in His glorious light complete
Whose hand will wipe all tears away."

"Miriam, your words are strangely wild,
Yet do they thrill me with a power
Unfelt till this mysterious hour—
No marvel many are beguiled.
Your doctrine might a world convert
If it were only true.
Did I not *know* it false, I might
Perchance, believe it too.
But hope wanes in my bosom now;
For in your steadfast eye
I read, and on that pale-cold brow
Its lingering light must die.
But, Miriam, would my ears were stunned
Ere thus they heard you speak!
Yea, would my lifeless form were flung
Beneath the darkest deep!"

Untrue, for faith in Gentile lore,
 Hope of what ne'er will be,
For cunning tales of days of yore,
 For these, false, false to me."

III.

Evening lit up her crystal lamps
 And hung them, burning, in the blue.
The tired flowers drooped 'mong the damps
 Of moonlight tinted beads of dew.
The birds had hushed their roundelay,
 And nature's thousand harps grew still;
All save the soothing, ceaseless play
 Of river wave, and mountain rill.
The moon's long, floating fingers white
 Among the forest branches crept;
Weaving soft draperies, dark and light,
 O'er waves where willows nightly wept.

Beside the wood, a garden fair
 As Eden ere the blight of sin;
With luscious fruits, and foliage rare,

And naiad-guarded fountains clear,
With beauty's witchery graced the scene.

There, a fair mansion standing near
Adorned; stately its marbled halls:

Time's spoiling fingers but laid on
The rough-hewn granite of its walls

A white-starred, mossy benison.

Within a lofty chamber, lined
With tapestry, and sculptured stone;

Upon a silken couch reclined
The mansion's gracious lord; alone

As was his wont,—the garnished hall
Ne'er echoed to the music sweet
Of gladsome voices; or the fall
Of eager childhood's wingèd feet.

His brow was noble though it wore
The traces of an early care;

His eye of midnight blackness, bore
An untamed lightning slumbering there.

An open book before him lay,
From which his eyes were turned away:
His hands were clasped as if to pray.

A shadow o'er his features stole,

And springing to his feet he spake,
“ Why is it that I cannot shake
These fancies from my haunted soul ?
I’ve struggled madly with my fears,
And sought to tear them from my heart
By night, by day, five weary years;
Still of my life they form a part.
With coward heart I’ve sought to flee
The mystic sights that haunt my eye;
I’ve thought to drown them in the sea,
And braved the angry tempest high.
I’ve roamed the wilderness alone;
And tread the forest’s trackless way:
In halls where wit and beauty shone
Have sought to drive my dreams away.
But I have wakened when the clear,
Cold stars shook in the solemn blue,
With soft tones whispering in my ear,
‘ Jesus on Calvary died—for you.’
And when the storm raged and no star,
Or moon shone o’er the bellowing flood,
I’ve heard in thunder tones afar,
‘ *The Crucified is Lord and God.*’

And in the wilderness, I've seen
That wondrous Name with blinding eye;
And mid the forest gold and green,
I've heard it breathed in plaintive sigh.
Oh, spirit of my Miriam where,
Where'er thou art, in earth, or Heaven,
For love of God, O, bend in prayer,
For one by storm fiends madly driven!
I know thou prayest, at morn, at eve,
When clouds o'erfold th' horizon's rim:
And God in Heaven could never leave
A soul by prayer so held to Him.

Thy words that thrilled my struggling soul,
When sinking in its first despair,
Still ring upon the burdened air.
And—yes—I know—they—*must be true*
My heart *has known*, though unconfessed,
Heaven's truth has stirred my tortured breast.
Yet *O, thou holy Son of God!*
How can I lift my eyes to Thee?
I, who have spurned thy priceless blood,
And scorned thy mercy impiously?
And yet, if love of Thine could shed

Such guiltless blood for one like me,
Thou'l hear me, when with trembling dread,
And broken heart, I cry to Thee.
O, hear me, Jesus, lost, undone,
I cast my helpless soul on Thee!
Yes—I believe—Thy power alone
Can cleanse from all impurity.
I lay before Thy throne, Oh, God !
My life, my fortune, and my all.
And I will hasten at Thy call—
Yes, I will cross the seas once more;
Through earth's vast wilderness will rove,
Where I have scorned thy name before,
To tell Thy all-redeming love.
Yes, yes, I bend and kiss the rod,
I know Thou art *The Christ of God.*"

IV.

Nature's calmed pulse had ceased to beat
With hurrying throb, and fever-heat:
Proud knights hung in the azure dome
Their shields impearled with points of light,

While, glittering in her bridal bloom,
Came forth the empress of the night.—

Far toward the light that latest hies
From heaven's bright coronet of flame;
When sunset brushes down the skies
The gold, and earth gropes blind again,
A rivulet hurried to the sea,
With ever-sounding song of glee.
Its waves were edged with silver-foam

So rough the rocky bed beneath;
Its banks were fringed with flowers, whose bloom
Was shivering in the wind's cool breath.

Below, the waves with shout of glee,
Leaped gaily from a granite pile;
Then through the tall grass laughed away;
Content to bless the brightening lea,
And at their fertile margin see
The white-faced daisies bend, the while
Tracing their image in the smile
That mirrored heaven's pageantry.

Beside the stream, a ragged dome
Near to a growing hamlet stood;

Its walls were built of shapeless stone,
And unhewn timbers, rough and rude.
It was the "counsel house," where met
The rising city's free-born men.
Here, too, the unmoulded thought was taught
Expansion's art; and oft were seen
The rustic youth, the brave and fair,
In merry groups, assembled there.

A motley throng was gathered there;
For rumor reached them everywhere,
A stranger, wandering from his home,
Would bring good tidings to that land;
Though great his mission on the earth,
By the Eternal King sent forth,
His message all might understand.
The people came, the old, the young,
The rich, the poor, the weak, the strong.
And with the village-children came
Their teacher: violet eyes and hair
Of pale, gold floss adorned her fair,
Pure face with beauty's peerless bloom;
With cherished friends, three years before,

Miriam Lydelle had sought a home
Upon the kind, expansive shore
Whose hands, far reaching, grasped the foam
Of two broad oceans sundered wide.
She was that western hamlet's pride:
And oft their genial hearths beside,
With joyful love she spoke of Him
Who on the cross once shed His blood;
While many an eye grew strangely dim:—
And suited oft the tender tale
To childhood's years, maturing youth,
Till all were well prepared to hail
The herald of divinest truth.

The stranger passed among the throng
With footstep firm, and reverent air.
Then knelt in solemn, silent prayer.
What was there in that gaze prolonged,
That sent the life-blood from *her* cheek?
She listened till she heard him speak,
“His voice,” she murmured audibly,
Then sighed, “Ah no, that cannot be.”
Again the life-diffusing glow

Mantled her lip, and cheek, and brow,
She bowed and listened reverently.

He spoke of man, his purity,
And innocence in Eden sweet,
Child of a gracious Deity,
Beloved by Him, his bliss complete.
He spoke of sin, with serpent fang
Welcomed to that ungrateful heart,
Imparting there the first wild pang
Of an unending, easeless smart.
And all was lost—a starless pall
Hung low o'er a death-wounded earth;
Enwrapping in its foldings, all
Of human excellence and worth.
The earth, that brightly bloomed before,
In peerless beauty smiled no more.
Where luscious fruits their shadows threw,
The briar and the thorn tree grew.
Where flowers bloomed with unrivaled grace
Nettles and thistles shared the place.
And man, the author of this woe,
Walked forth upon the poisoned sod

Blighted beneath the curse of God.

“But Heaven was kind,” he said, “and light
Swung thwart the dead-line of the night.”

Its first serene, star-pointed ray

Gave promise of a coming day;

When the Anointed One should reign,

So all the world might smile again.

“Oh, wondrous grace,” he cried, “above

All comprehension, and all thought:

So free, so infinite God’s love;

With treasured outlay, nameless cost,

Man self-sold into serfdom—lost.

Was found, and brought back home; rebought.

Jesus has died! and Heaven once more

Her gates of pearl to earth swings wide,

While all her anthem-singing choir

Bring praises to the Crucified.

Jesus has died! O, haste, draw near

His wide-spread board, and taste His love!

He died for all! not one need fear,

But now His saving power may prove.”

Then teardrops fell like summer-rain;

And sighs of mingled joy and pain,

And wondering hearts were everywhere.
And, seeing Heaven's portals there,
Many earth's treasures laid aside;
And climbed the glory heights, through prayer,
And faith in Jesus crucified.

Miriam and Gabriel, once again,
Their hands were linked in fervent clasp.
He whispered, "They were years of pain,
But crowned with peace and joy at last.
My soul was slumbering, bound in night,
Dreaming in light and joy 'twas free;
And could not see the glorious light
Of dawn, although proclaimed to me.
But could you shut the gorgeous light
Of yon bright sun from earth away,
'Twere brighter than my spirit's night,
Without the love of Christ to-day."

A CHRISTMAS POEM.

EDEN.

The land was exquisitely fair,
Adorned with rich profusion of best things;
 The lily lifted up
 Her fragrant silver cup;
The rose breathed perfume rare;
The amaranth blossomed by the limpid springs.

Rare fountains, where a naiad bright,
Disdainful, tossed her diamonds in the spray.
 And lovely emerald bowers—
 Starred with celestial flowers
That live not since the blight
Of sin fell on them—brightened every way.

Rich fruits from trailing vines drooped low,
And hung embowered in many a graceful tree,
 The noblest of each clime;
 And over all sublime,
The living fruit waved free,
From branches dipped in Heaven's down-reaching glow.

No dangerous beasts roamed wildly there,
Through stately forests blossoming with dew;
 No deadly serpents crept
 Where beauty nightly slept;
No sin the glad heart knew;
No lurking death, no evil thing, was near.

II.

Hark! through the dome of the Excellent Glory
 The song of the angels trills faintly and sad;
List, they are telling a pitiful story!
 No wonder their singing no longer is glad.

“Alas for bright Eden! o'er mountain and meadow
 A sulphurous cloud from the desert of death
Hangs darkly, envailing her light in its shadow,
 With fumes of despair on its terrible breath.

“Alas! for the noble, the mighty, the holy,
 Are fallen! are fallen! woe, woe to the land !
Heaven's fairest and dearest creation lies lowly,
 No more by the breath of life's green mountains
 fanned.

Woe! ah, 'tis woe to the land 'neath the shadow;
Mercy hath never a balm for such pain!
Darker the night will grow over the meadow;
Deeper the curse on the river and plain."

III.

Earth her doom is waiting,
Trembling, faint and chill;
Hearts despairing, breaking,
Wait His sovereign will.

Think ye of your madness,
Mourning at His bar,
Earth, once crowned with gladness,
As the morning star.

Think of all your sinning,
And whate'er His will,
Banishment or burning,
Say, 'Tis mercy still.

List, the proclamation
From the heavenly King!
Sent to every nation,
Lost and sorrowing.

Peace, peace on earth! good will, good will to men!
Rejoice! rejoice! *rejoice!* a ransom has been given;
Ye shall not die, *but live, but live in bliss again,*
Sharing the added joy and blessedness of Heaven.

Peace, peace on earth! good will, good will to men!
A golden highway spans the gulf of endless night:
Celestial robes are proffered for garments stained by sin;
And for guilt's burning chaplet the crown of glory
bright.

Peace, peace on earth! good will, good will to men!
The withering powers of darkness and of death shall
cease:
Eden's blighted beauty soon shall sweetly smile again;
And over all shall wave the olive wand of peace.

IV.

Rejoice, O earth, in beauty dressed !
Behold thy King descends to reign;
Surely with blessing thou art blessed,
. Nor sorrow canst thou know again.
7

Thy deserts blossom as the rose;
Thy palm trees wave where lately stood
The stagnant pool, and sunlight glows
Where frowned thy caverns dark and rude.

Rejoice, O earth! the myrtle creeps,
But not above thy early dead;
The waving willow nightly weeps,
But only tears of joy are shed.

Rejoice, O earth! more sweetly fair
Art thou because of sorrow's blight;
Thy morn more radiantly rare,
Breaking through clouds of rayless night.

Rejoice, O earth! no more the curse,
The canker, and the woe are thine:
Thy form, in radiant light immerse,
With Heaven's immortal bliss shall shine.

Rejoice, O earth! thy King doth reign,
Triumphant over death and sin—
Lift up, ye gates of gold again;
O, King of glory, haste, come in!

BARTIMEUS.

He sits beside the highway, poor and old,
His deep, dark night unbroken, though the day
Pushes fast down her censer brimmed with gold;
He does not know how clear and joyously
It shines, save by its wearying warmth, and now
Raising his trembling hand to wipe away
The beaded moisture from his aching brow,
He, silent, holds it forth imploringly.

For who can tell, some passer-by may be
Beholding him, compassionately kind ?
Yea, may not all who view his sorrow see
'Tis pitiful, 'tis painful, to be blind,
And poor, and helpless? and the trifold pain
Has burned within him, till the white-heat glow
Of furnace fire enwraps his troubled brain,
And all his being brands with seal of woe.

He hears the sound of many passing feet,
With the low hum of voices; and would know

Why throng the multitude the quiet street;—
The answer thrills him with new life, the glow
Of a glad hope is on his withered cheek;
And the full veins throb on his forehead bare:
While tremblingly, when first his lips can speak,
Rings out the burden of his eager prayer.

“Jesus, Son of David,
Hear, O, hear my cry!
Pass me not unheeded,
Poor and suffering, by.
Hear me, Prince of glory,
Man of Galilee.
See, I plead before Thee;
Hear, and pity me!”

“Hush! Bartimèus, hush! king David’s Son,
The multitude attending, goeth where
Hosannahs mingle with the joyous song,
And shouts of praise and homage rend the air:
He hath no time to list to such as thee;
Hush! Bartimèus, let the throng pass by,
Untroubled with thy clamor; thou shouldst be
Content to hear them; cease thy useless cry!”

“Jesus, Son of David,
Wilt Thou pass me by?
Helpless and unheeded,
Leaving me to die.
Life, and light, and healing
Hang upon Thy word.
Strengthless, sightless, kneeling,
Is my prayer unheard ?”

The murmurous throng is stilled; the ready ear
Of the great King hath caught the eager prayer;
Pausing, he bids the pleader draw more near,
Who needs no second bidding, kneeling there,
He prays, “Lord Jesus, bid me see the light,
The sweet, glad sunshine, birds, and flowers gay:
Strike off the shackles from my prisoned sight;
And from my soul the anguish;”—And the day
With mellow radiance, and unclouded skies,
With leafy shades, and fountains bathed in light,
Blooms on his vision in its glad sunrise.
For Christ but spoke, and there was no more night.

THE SACRIFICE OF MOUNT CARMEL.

A multitude was there; each family
In Israel was represented; while
More than twice four hundred priests of Baal
Had gathered from the hills and distant plains,
Prone to advance the unhallowed interest
Of their false god. A venerable man,
Round whose bared forehead amply fell the snow
Dropped out of numerous winters, near them stood.
From his keen eye his lofty soul looked forth
In fearless majesty, although he knew
He gazed upon his enemies; his true heart
Had been wrung to exquisite agony;
For Israel was bowed before a King
Whose gross idolatry seemed crowding all
Deathward; and he alone had stood unmoved,
Like granite rock amid the swirling waves.
For this he had been hated and condemned
By an unholy court; hunted throughout
The kingdom, that his blood might seal a life
That would not bend to kingly wickedness.

And now he stood before them to contest,
With the eight hundred heathen priests, the truth
Of his religion; on Mount Carmel's side.

"Prophets of Baal," so spoke the white-haired seer,
"Prepare two offerings, and an altar rear,
Then call upon your God in earnest prayer.

And I will build an altar—I alone,
Unto the God I serve—of mountain stone.
The gift ye bring me will upon it lay,
Then to my God, as ye to yours, will pray;
And He who answers with a flaming wand,
Dropped off the excessive glory of His hand,
Consuming so the offering, shall be henceforth
Acknowledged God of Israel, and of earth."

'Twas done, the gift prepared, with ceaseless cry
Eight hundred voices thundered to the sky,
"Oh, hear us Baal, behold our offering laid
Upon the altar that our hands have made!
Oh, hear us Baal, let fire descend from heaven,
And crown the gift that we to thee have given."

From the far, crimson curtained east the sun
Had climbed the height; and in the sultry noon

Paused, wearied with the journey scarce half done.

Then mocked Elijah, “*Louder* speak his name,
And he will answer with consuming flame,
For he is god; perchance he journeys far,
On an excursion to some planet-star;
Or he may now repose in slumber deep;
Call louder still and wake him from his sleep,
Call on your god, ye faithful priests and seers,
Till answering you celestial fire appears.”

Louder and wilder rings the deafening cry,
“Oh, hear us Baal ! Oh, hear us, or we die !
If thou art pleased with blood, and that alone
Of beasts will not suffice—behold our own.”

But still the god no answer gave, or sign
Of pleasure with the blood spilt at his shrine;
And still the heavens looked down as calmly fair
As if no clamoring cries disturbed the air.
But eve was gathering, down the purple wave
The sun was slipping to a watery grave;
His roseate casket rocked the waves among,
O'er which his gold and crimson banners hung.

Oh, beautiful the sight was gazing there
From Carmel out upon the distant sea!

Yes, earth *is* beautiful, sublime and fair;
Though blighted with our sin and woe it be.

Still have we relics of our Eden lost;
Still bloom the flowers that may have blossomed there.
Still shines the grand, illimitable host
Of heaven, dispensing radiance everywhere.

An altar to Jehovah then was reared;
The victim slain, the sacrifice prepared:
The prophet calmly raised his fearless eye,
As if familiar with Heaven's mystery.

“Thou God of Israel, Abraham and all
Who on thy name in true obedience call;
O, bend thine ear and hear me from Thy throne!
That these may know that Thou art God alone,
And I am thine, O, hear me Lord of all !”

Een while he spoke the gate of Heaven swung
Open, and light celestial o'er them hung;
Descending slowly with a flame of red,
It touched the altar with the offering spread,
Consumed the gift, and not the gift alone,
The wood, the dust, and each supporting stone.

The people gazed with solemn, silent awe,
Then one prolonged, exulting cry uprose,
Like deafening thunder reaching to the sea,
 “**The Lord is God !**” “**The Lord He is the God !**”
And as the smitten waves beneath the rod
Of Moses, falling, with white lips that kissed the sod
They shouted still, “**The Lord, He is the God !**”

THE SIEGE OF BABYLON.

“**Make bright the arrows; gather up the shields!**
Bring forth the sword that sturdy vengeance wields!
As pestilential winds ye armies haste,
And lay the land of the Chaldeans waste!
As Sodom and Gomorrah, so shall fall
 Babylon, queen of the nations all.”
So cried the seer of Judah*. “**Haste, prepare**
Unnumbered hosts, and God shall lead them there!
Blow ye the trumpet ‘mong the hills afar,
Gather the nations for this holy war.

**Jeremiah LI.*

The king of Media shall appear and slay
Babylon's trained hosts, and all her towers in smoulder-
ing ruins lay."

Behold the city in her power and pride,
Adorned as for her lord, a queenly bride,
Her gates of brass bathed in the sunbeams bright,
Agleam like sparkling suns of lesser light;
Her pleasant palaces, and sculpture rare;
Her terraced gardens like an Eden fair;
Her lofty towers aflame with burnished gold;
Quays, arches, bridges, wondrous to behold;
Her walls impregnable, her bulwarks strong;
Her well-trained soldiery, unconquered long.—
So sits great Babylon, peerless in her pride.
Who shall her gathered hosts subdue, and who her
spoils divide?

Behold ! they come—the Persian hosts appear;
Through slaughtered ranks their conquering way they
clear;
They come from hard-won fields where valor stood
Till hundreds drooped, and earth was drunk with blood.

They come! O! Babylon, gird thy sword and wait
The wandering bands with victory songs elate!
Well man thy towers, and bar thy gates of brass,
Lest foe disguised, or traitorous spy may pass.
Kings hast thou captive led from realms afar,
And branded nations with the scourge of war;
Vengeance may now await thee. Oh, beware!
Lest all thy joy to mourning turn, thy boasting to
despair.

List to the message Babylon sends without,
Read from the walls, with victor boast and shout,
“Presumptuous Medes and Persians, know ye well
The walls of Babylon are impregnable!
With needless gold her loaded coffers shine;
Her granaries groan, her presses burst with wine;
But gather now your conquering bands, and wait
For *twenty years* without the city gate;
Then, if gaunt famine shall our throngs pursue,
Our hearts unman, our battling hosts subdue,
Then will great Babylon answer to your call,
Open her gates, her towers unlock, and yield to you
her all.”

* * * * *

'Tis midnight! In the palace mirth and song
The hours of festive revelry prolong;
With costly care the glittering board is spread
With richest viands and wine blushing red;
The king hath bidden, and the cups of gold
From Judah's ark, Belus' libations hold.
But see! what vision flames upon the eye?
Unearthly splendor from the frowning sky
Glides through the hall, and o'er the garlands bright,
Pale fingers wreathed in strange, sepulchral light,
And livid lines are blazoned on the wall,
While lips grow dumb, or on their gods in vain for
succor call.

Where lingers Cyrus while the Chaldeans feast?
'Tis victory the Persian seeks, not rest.
See where the grand Euphrates humbly crawls,
Silent and sluggish 'neath the city-walls.
Wrapped in the gloom, with his immortal bands,
Armed *cap-a-pie*, the dauntless hero stands.
Behold, they drain the river's bed, and force
The mighty waters from their pristine course,

Then, through their channel, boldly enter where
Valor already yieldeth to despair.
Belshazzar falls, in scales of justice weighed;
The Persian's foot is on his throne, by Medes his sceptre
swayed.

IT IS BETTER.

It is better,
Brother, sailing on the sea,
Though the glassy waves a glitter
With enchanting light may be;
Though thy bark glide fair and true,
Cloud of pearl athwart the blue,
It is better
Trusting Him who lives forever,
Than to trust in sunny weather,
Or the fleetness,
And completeness
Of thy bark;
Or its meetness
To endure the tempest shock.

It is better,

When the fickle world is fair,
Bringing sweet without the bitter,
Trailing garlands everywhere;
When the joyful round thee throng,
And thy heart is glad and strong,

It is better,

How much better, even then,
Trusting God than trusting men;

They may grieve thee,
Or deceive thee

Any day;

He'll not leave thee,

Though the heavens pass away.

It is better,

When thy treasures one by one
Drop away, and fades the glitter,
From thy summer's failing sun;
When the furnace fires are kindling;
And disasters fierce are mingling,

It is better

Then to trust Who reigns forever,
God, Controller, Maker, Giver;—

Earth and ocean
Wait His motion,
To obey:
And thy portion
Love ordains from day to day.

THE VALLEY OF LIFE.

'Tis a beautiful land where the lilies spring,
White robed, like the clouds hung over
Where notes of joy through the greenwood ring,
And a goodly vine with her broad, cool wing
Doth her purple wine-globes cover.—
Ho! hither! who sink in the desert of sin;
Who fall in the mountains of strife:
Who fain would the treasure of happiness win—
Ho! come to the valley of life!

Here are roses the sweetest that ever bloomed,
And no thorns are beneath them springing;
Here are bowers with wild-flower buds festooned,
And Paradise birds, with their song attuned
To an angel's they once heard singing.
Ho! hither! who weary with toiling and care—
Ye troubled, afflicted, oppressed,
Who bend beneath burdens too heavy to bear—
Ho! come to the valley and rest!

Here are fountains that sparkle and gleam in the light,
Like pearls in the life-brimmed river,
And o'er them ne'er cometh the chill of a night,
For the beautiful waves catch their radiance bright
From the smile of the Saviour forever.
Ho! hither! who thirst in the desert of sin,
Who faint in the mountains of strife:
Who fain would the treasure of happiness win—
Ho! come to the Fountain of life!

Here are hearts that are pure as the robes of the fair
In the glorified kingdom of heaven;
Here are hearts that are true, and their incense rare

Ascends to the Fountain of purity, where
No kindred ties are riven.
Ho! hither! whose cup is with bitterness filled;
Whose pathway is shadow and blight—
Ho! come where each spirit with rapture is thrilled,
And the Lamb is the love and the light!

“NO OTHER NAME.”

To whom else canst thou go?
Heart-weary wanderer from the sin and strife,
Through Arctic wilderness, and night, and snow,
In quest of light and life.

To whom else canst thou go?
The floods are rising, rising on thy track,
The broken fountains of the deep o'erflow,
'Tis madness to turn back.

To whom else canst thou go?
The clouds rain fire, and desolations spread,

Far as the eye can reach are toil and woe,
Wouldst thou find rest instead ?

Then haste, O, haste to Him !
Whose strong, safe arms are opened wide for thee.
He calls thee pleadingly, "O, wanderer, come
To blessedness, and Me!"

"Thou fleest storm and night,
And thou art lost, behold, 'I am the Way,'
Come hither, hither, to the perfect Light
Of Heaven's quenchless day."

And wilt thou not go in
Poor Dove? The door of mercy opens wide,
The Door that separates from death and sin,
Oh, enter and abide!

THY INHERITANCE.

O! daughter of a King rejoice!
With songs of praise lift up thy voice;
Thy Lord hath won the victory
O'er all sins gathered hosts for thee.

Alone, He bore thy grievous load,
With bended back, and sweat of blood;
Thy shame, and sin, and tears, and pain.
And wilt thou bear it o'er again?

Nay, doubting one, arise and stand
Possessor of the promised land;
He purchased life and joy for thee—
Cast off thy cerements—be free.

What canst thou render for His love,
All bounds and measurement above?
What are thy merits and thy store,
Thy treasures grouped from wave and shore?

Nay, take the gift He offers thee,
'Tis priceless, endless, full and free;
The gift of everlasting love,
Limits and measurement above.

DROSS FOR GOLD.

Is it so hard to lay thy burdens down?
And dost thou falter, when before thine eyes
Gleam the bright jewels of the conqueror's crown;
• And angels bid thee come and take the prize?

Is earth so true, is it so pure and fair,
Thou wouldst enjoy its pleasures evermore?
Has Heaven no bliss, no excellence, so rare
Thou canst lay down thy dust to take the gold before?

Oh, fainting heart, here leave thy fear and pain!
Oh, failing spirit, thou mayst triumph still!
Death has been vanquished, broken *Hades'* chain,
And they may share the victory who will.

The sting of death is sin, the nail-pierced Hand
Of Him who gave His stainless life for thine,
Can lead thee forth to victories high and grand;
To rapturous bliss, and holiness divine.

He lights the path with radiance, tho' it lies
Deep in the shadow of the vale of death;
From glory, on through glorious mysteries
He leads, where shines the fadeless victor-wreath.

TRIUMPHANT HERE.

Thou needst not wait for victory till the throbbing
Of glad, triumphant music fills the plain;
Thou needst not wait until the sad heart's sobbing
Is ceased, with all life's bitterness and pain.

Thou needst not wait for victory till the crowning
Of risen saints, unnumbered priests and kings;
Thou needst not wait till the millenial dawning,
To the glad earth unrivaled radiance brings.

But *here*, in this sad world of swords and crosses,
Where Heaven's redeemed are sorely furnace-tried,
Mayst walk a conqueror through its lures and losses,
Trusting this watchword, "Christ for me has died."

Yes thou mayst triumph, though sin's hosts may gather
In phalanx fierce: thy God will give to thee,
Through all this life, and through the glad forever,
Abiding peace, and perfect victory.

OBEY AND WIN.

"Let the weak say, I am strong."

Christian, art thou weary
With thy load?
Faltering, in thy dreary,
Sunless road?

With some foe contending
Dost thou stand?
Trustless weapons bending,
In thy hand?

Doth thy heart throb madly
With thy fears?
Is thy dim eye sadly
Filled with tears?

Christian, would thy Master
Have it so?
Shouldst thou not run faster
For thy woe?

Should thy foe o'erthrow thee
On the field?
When thy cause is holy
Shouldst thou yield?

Why that needless sorrow?
Cannot He
Who notes every sparrow
Care for thee?

Trials may assail thee,
Never mind,
Jesus cannot fail thee,
He is kind.

With what care He holds thee
None may tell;
While His love enfolds thee
Trust Him well.

If His hand descending,
Smite thee sore,
On His love depending,
Trust Him more.

Christian He hath bid thee
Victor be;
Lo, all things are subject
Unto thee!

CLARANCE.

The crimson curtains of the day
Were folded from the sky away;
Night, from her ebon throne, trailed low
Her dusky garments, all aglow
With inwrought gems. Beneath the dew
Tall ferns drooped, hiding from the view

Disheveled grasses. To the sea
The river hurried joyously:
As joyously as if no ill
Were rending troubled hearts in twain;
As if the whispered words, "Be still!"
The weary pulse of life might thrill
And silence, with as little pain
As when they fell upon the sea
Of throbbing, seething Galilee.

Within a lovely dwelling—where,
With ample stores at her command,
Nature had garnished wave, and shore,
And mountain, till beneath her wand
Beauty bloomed radiant evermore,

A saddened, solemn group bent low,
Beneath an agony of woe
Too deep for tears! The noble brow
Of manhood in its prime was there;
The matron, and the maiden fair.

They knelt beside the couch of one
Who long had been their pride and hope,

The only brother and the son.
Above, by unseen angels swung,
Dropped to their lips the *bitter cup*.

Dear Christ, in such an hour, when far
Upon the unknown, shadowy sea
That measures God's eternity,
Drifts from our clinging hands the bark
That holds of life the sun and star;
And, shrouded in the silent dark,
We strive to pierce the mists that mar
Our vision, till our eyes can see
The glory resting evermore
About the summer-land before—
To whom, dear Lord, but unto Thee,
Can hearts turn in such agony?

So looked that group to Heaven, and low
The strong man's utterance, as dismayed
And sorrowful, yet not afraid,
“Our Father in the Heavens:” Then slow
And falteringly the mother said
With reverence, “Hallowed be Thy name.”

And lovingly, "Thy kingdom come,"
The daughter whispered. Through the gloom
No sound came further. Who might gain
In such an hour, the mountain height,
Cold outlined in the quaking night?

The gates were open, and half passed
It seemed, but with the chilly blast
Blown from the river; backward came
A voice they thought forever still;

Breathing, with joyous tone, "Thy will
Be done." No more the watchers heard;
But through the unseen, angel-stirred
Immensity, a glad, new song
With silvery echoes trilled along.

There is no death to those who crowned with peace,
And with the Christian's hope inspired, look forth
Through the soul's barred windows sunward from the
earth

To view immortal glory: Whose release
Is but the pluming of triumphant wings
To soar aloft in limitless delight.
Where never cloud its darksome shadow flings
Athwart the summer landscape, and there is no night.

LITTLE AND MUCH.

It is little to you or me, my friend,
Whether the heaven be white
And golden; or woven, throughout the arch,
With threads of inky night.
And it is not much, if under our feet
Are the blossoms of summer-time;
Or, held in the mountain's icy teeth,
Are crystals of snow and rime.

But soon we shall stand together,
Before the white, white throne;
And much it will mean if the King shall say
Of our finished work, "*Well done.*"
For whatever of glitter and garnish
In the fabric, the world may see,
It is worse than nothing; if He shall say,
Ye did it not for me.

From the broken fragments around us,
And colors dun and dim,

The Master has bidden us patiently weave
A garb that shall honor Him:
And we know that wondrous garment,
To our eyes though dull and gray,
When held in the light of a Saviour's love
Shall shine with a princely ray.

So it is everything—Daily
Our hands may grow numb with pain;
But if it be all for the Saviour's sake,
Not a shuttle is thrown in vain.
For the daylight faileth, faileth;
The night cometh by and by:
And our task must be ready to meet the gaze
Of the Master's searching eye.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

At the gate is a cross and it sternly stands,
Its dark form limned 'gainst the heaven's blue;
And whoso would enter, must empty his hands,
And clasp the burden and carry it through.

The air is heavy with solemn moans,
Exchanged anon for the holy song;
And traces of blood mark the jagged stones,
Where the "Man of sorrows" journeyed along.

What more? Shall we speak of the gladsome shout?
The chorus of peace through life's varied psalm?
The glory that lies at the end of the route,
The joy, and rest, and the victor's palm?

Would ye know how from sorrow and shade are
wrought
Glory and praise by the skill divine?
Ah! the manna is hidden, the "stone" untaught,
Drink DEEP and the water will change into wine.

HYMN.

He lives, the Lord of earth and Heaven,
Enthroned where loftiest seraphs bow;
Heaven's highest homage to Him given,
Heaven's brightest glory crowns His brow.
He stood where surged the fiery flood
Of death and hell o'er Adam's race;
Quenching the torrent with His blood,
He purchased, for the guilty, grace.

Death vanquished by His mighty power,
See Heaven the wondrous Victor own;
The crystal dome is riven, and more
Than Tabor's light is o'er Him thrown.
The flaming clouds His chariot prove,
From night, to Heaven's supernal day.
The Conqueror comes whose name is Love,
Ye everlasting gates, give way!

He lives! Ye saints, behold your King!
Throned, glorious in effulgent light;

Through His mysterious suffering
Made perfect in His saving might.
Oh, joy! to suffer here below,
Then in dazzling glory share;
Oh, bliss! to bear His cross, and know
That we with Him a crown shall wear.

He lives! O sinner, lift thine eyes;
Hope's light is dawning in the sky;
Thy sin-atoning Sacrifice
Thy pardon holds, thou need'st not die!
Thou need'st not die! rejoice and live!
No more thy helplessness deplore;
Through Christ, 'tis justice to forgive;
Rejoice, and live, to die no more!

THIRSTING.

Christ, let me nearer come,
 My soul would gaze
On the unrivaled riches of Thy grace;
 Would see the brightness of Heaven's glory shine,
In hallowed splendor from the Brow divine;
And yet afar I stand, and thro' the gloom
 I scarce discern Thy face.

Oh! bid me come more near,
 I have waited long
To hear Thy voice above earth's murmuring throng.
But when its tones fall on my listening ear,
'Tis like faint music from some far-off sphere;
And sometimes I have even failed to hear,
 Or understood Thee wrong.

Fain would my soul be blest;
 Sadly I stand,
Salvation's unfilled cup within my hand;
I taste the ripples of redemption's streams;

But lead me where the unwasting fountain gleams.
Oh, show me where Thy flocks at noontime rest,
By heavenly zephyrs fanned.

Yes, I will come to Thee,
Will haste again
Through the dense crowd to touch Thy garment's hem.
Oh, let me place in thine my trembling hand,
And walk beside Thee to the holy land!
Choose Thou the way, if Thou but share with me,
The gladness and the pain.

WHAT SHALL I RENDER?

O holy One
Thou canst not be unmindful of thine own;
Thy healing balm and strengthened wine
Fall daily on this heart of mine;
Saviour divine,
What shall I render for a love like Thine?

'Tis not for me
To bring a gift well pleasing, Lord, to Thee;

If all earth's glittering stores were mine;
Worlds, that in untraced orbits shine;
 Saviour divine,
All were an unfit offering for Thy shrine.

Great King of Heaven,
I can give only what has long been given;
A heart unworthy wholly, yet for Thee
Would sing or break, and joy to be
 Chosen by Thee,
To pain or pleasure, till from earth set free.

TRUSTING.

His ways are hidden, so I may not know
How winds my pathway through the vale below;
If through the tangled labyrinth where lie
The dew-damp shades, shutting away the sky;
Or by the crystal waters, still and deep,
Soothed by the winds low lullaby to sleep;
Or o'er yon mountain crest if I must go;
His ways are hidden, so I may not know.

Backward the way lies dimly, but I see
Clouds, tinged with roseate splendors once for me,
Past now; their sombre edges gloom the view:
There lies the false, and there the grandly true;
Fields of white lilies; shreds of golden grain;
Glintings of sunshine; spasm-sweeps of rain;
Voices of love most hallowed; and the tomb
That hides the shattered idol in its gloom.

The Lord hath led me hither, and I stand
With trophies of a triumph in my hand:
The bow of promise shining in the gloom;
The desert places turned to radiant bloom;
Here lift the Ebenezer; hither bring
The harp and timbrel, let the joyful sing;
Praise still is "comely," let the anthem swell;
Jehovah reigns, He hath done all things well.

And for the future not one fear I know,
His love will guard me whereso'er I go;
With trust that reaches all the journey through,
Keeping the coronation day in view;
The pillar and the cloud I follow still,

Asking not *why*, but only *where*, He will
That I should journey; step by step I move,
Lost in the sacred sunshine of His love.

IN THE VALLEY.

I am brought low—thank God!—the exaltation
Hath dangers very imminent, the height
That glitters icily above my station,
Holds dizzily the circling cloudlet white.

I am brought low; but not with vain repining
I tread the vale, with beating, bruised wing,
That may not lift me to yon gorgeous shining,
Near where the angels of the Holy sing.

I am brought low, but *He* hath not forsaken;
He dwells not only where his loved rejoice,
But in the deep, low cypress shades grief-shaken,
I see His moving hand, and hear His voice.

I am brought low: I coveted the higher
But to be near Him, but to feel the glow,

The rapturous joy of His baptismal fire,
The cloudless view, the whiteness of the snow.

I am brought low—Be still my soul and wonder!
Here, here the Highest breathes upon His clay.
Not in the wild, far-off, world-shaking thunder,
But in love's softest tones He speaks to-day.

Oh, love! O, Presence infinite and holy!
The depth, the depth is high enough for me.
Here stoops the King to wed and crown the ~~holy, lowly,~~
And all the vale glows with His sanctity.

MY SAVIOUR.

Oh, leave me not, Thou art my all, my all !
Stay close beside, and list me when I call.
Earth is so dark, so dark with Thee afar,
The sun is quenched, nor hath the night a star,
Leave me not, Saviour.

Leave me not, Saviour, see, I lean on Thee;
The earth a broken reed hath proved to me,
My soul dropped to the ashes from that stay,
But there I found *Thee*. Turn not Thou away.

Leave me not, Saviour.

Leave me not, see, Thy blood hath made me clean;
I am no more defiled, defiled within.
Thou art from spot, from every blemish free,
O thou, mine Adam, I am hid in thee:

Thou art my Saviour.

O precious fountain, open for "all sin,"
I come so glad to drop "all" mine within;
Nor would I bear away one crimson stain,
To blot my life, and grieve thy love again.

Take all, my Saviour.

For sin is shame, and not humility;
Nor canst Thou, Saviour, in the least degree
Look on me with allowance, if I wear
Scars Thine own powerful arms were stretched to
bear.

Thou bearest all, Saviour.

NOW.

Not now the rest, not now the unruffled calm;
Not now the glory shadowless and sweet;
Not now the full, deep tide of joyous psalm;
Not now pain's compensation all complete.

Now is the conflict, we would shun the strife
For peace is precious; still we gird the sword:
Now is reproaching, loss of love, and life,
Now the Gethsemane sorrow with the Lord;
The bitter mingled cup of grief outpoured.

FOR THEE.

This smiting for Thy sake—amen,
Master it shall not move me then;
The willow bends beneath the blast,
But rises when the storm is past;
The flowers droop beneath the rain
Then look to heaven and smile again;

The earth is fairest when the spring
Has broken winter's icy chain;
And birds of heaven the sweetest sing
After the night's despotic reign.
I rise, but to a loftier place,
To view Thee nearer, face to face.

Thou, too, wast smitten, and Thy foes,
Who filled Thy cup with countless woes:
Who viewed Thy wondrous love with scorn;
Who drove the nail, and pressed the thorn:
Claimed in the chosen, royal line,
The glory and the power divine;
And placed beneath their ban and rod,
The Anointed—in the name of God.
Thou didst not curse them, but thine eye
O'erflowed with the wild surge of pain.
O, Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry!
And let me breathe that life again
Which hangs on Thy eternal word,
The servant shall be as his Lord.

Here is my solace, here my bliss,
No royal nectar sweet as this;

From the crushed blossom, honey drips
Healing o'er parched, reviving lips.
I tread ambrosial gardens where
Delights dwell in the perfumed air;
I kiss the cross that lifts me up;
And thankful, bless the bitter cup.
I lay my life more close to Thine,
And feel responsive throbs divine.
Who would not suffer, Lord, with Thee,
To share in Thy felicity?

HOME.

I know the home of the redeemed may be more distant,
far,
Than nebulous planet, unexplored; or undiscovered star;
Across the trackless orbits broad of countless worlds on
worlds,
Where, ever, through unbounded space, heaven's vast
machinery whirls.
Up through a thousand starless nights; and through
unnumbered days

Where shine the azure corridors lit up by planet blaze.
Far, far beyond the favored heights where uncursed orb
may run;
The center of all systems vast, the grand primeval sun.

But sometimes when the day goes out behind the western
hills,
I gaze till some mysterious power my inmost being thrills;
And to that land it only seems a brief, bright journey
through—
Only across the sun-kissed hills leaning against the blue:
And I have stilled my throbbing heart, and turned away
my eyes,
Lest earth should seem too dark beside the splendor of
the skies;
And like the homesick wanderer, vainly, my soul should
pine
For that celestial summer-land, my Father's home and
mine.

THE HOLY LAND.

Oh, holy clime of uncreated light,
Thou art not far away;
Thy glory gleams through gates of lucid white
Adown time's thorny way.

I see thy towers aflame like burnished gold,
Lit with divinest ray.
Oh, beauteous brightness evermore untold,
Thou art not far away!

I almost catch the music of thy waves,
Breaking upon the shore;
And half I think the land of tears and graves,
Is mine henceforth no more.

And yet, where sin abounds my footsteps roam;
Through shadowy vistas wild,
I lift mine eyes to thy perennial bloom,
Sweet city undefiled.

O, land that knows no shadow through the day,
 Nor storm, nor chilling frost;
Where flowers bloom and fade not. And where stay
 The lovely we have lost.

When shall I pass triumphantly those gates,
 The blessed kingdom won;
Receive the crown that now my soul awaits,
 While Christ shall say, "Well done."

Patience, my soul, thou laborest not in vain,
 In joy, and, hope and tears:
Heaven shall reward for every sigh of pain
 A thousand blissful years.

WHEN THERE.

We shall wait
 By the gate,
With a blissful hope elate.
We shall watch the home-bound throng,
 As they leave the realm of night,

For their upward journey long,
To the everlasting light.
Watch them oft with tireless gaze,
Till our own loved ones we see;
Thinking of the coming days,
Happy evermore to be.

We shall stand,
Hand in hand,
In that pure, celestial land.
Gazing from the star-crowned mountains
On the emerald plains below,
With their lucid, crystal fountains
Burning in Heaven's hallowed glow;
And the golden city shining
Brighter than a new-lit sun,
With life's river grand entwining
Thence, the verdant hills among.

With our palms
In our hands
By the river's golden sands,
We shall watch the waves out-flowing

From the throne of living Light,
Tipped with white foam, gently going
Onward, downward from our sight.
We shall bend above the river
With gold chalices; and then,
We shall drink and live forever;
Drink and never thirst again.

In those bowers
Gemmed with flowers,
O, what gladness will be ours!
We shall think of all the past,
Hours of sorrow and of tears;
Hours of blessing that, too fast,
Flitted to the realm of years:
We shall think of days gone by,
Filled with weariness and pain,
When we murmured, questioning, "*why?*"
Solved will be those mysteries then.

Well I know
Bending low
Hearts with humblest love aglow,

We shall cast our crowns of light,
At the dear Redeemer's feet;
Thinking of earth's darkest night,
When he tread the noisy street:
Thinking of Gethsemane,
And of Calvary's agony;
Thinking how that bitterness
Fashioned into crowns of bliss.

ON THE SEA.

Man of sorrows,
Wild the storm and dark the night,
When Thou treadst upon the wave,
Where the wild wind's gathered might
Opened many a deep sea grave,
Many a yawning, grasping grave.
King of glory,
Waves were granite 'neath Thy form;
And affrighted crouched the storm:
Winds their mad shrieks hushed, and low
Whispered words of tenderness;

Waves thrust out of sight their snow
Answering with a kiss of peace,
When Thou treadst the seething sea,
All was possible to Thee.

Man of sorrows,
Wild the storm and chill the waves;
Black the heaven as heaven can be;
'Neath me yawn unnumbered graves,
While around me beats the sea,
Beats the sobbing, surging sea.

King of glory,
Waves are granite 'neath my form:
Powerless is the blinding storm;
Gleams a star above the sea,
Lighting, with its pearly thread,
Step by step the way to Thee,
O'er the broken billow's bed.
Christ, my Lord, through faith in Thee,
All is possible to me.

CONVALESCENCE.

It is only a strip of sunshine,
With a slanting glint of the blue;
And a few bright leaves, just flitting
In and out of my view;
No more comes to me of the glory
That fills these mellow days;
While the summer's gold is drifting slow,
Into the autumn haze.

I know not what is the purpose
Of the great Refiner above,
I can only trust in His wisdom,
And hope in His infinite love:
While the life-tide beats through my temples
With throbs of a wildering might;
Like the ebb and flow of turbid waves,
Through the wild of an inky night.

Just only a "worm" slow creeping
Athwart the sunbeam bright;

While above and above up towers
The line of mountains white.
But Faith bends low to whisper,
“Be strong and courageous still;
He can take thee up in His mighty hand
To level them all at His will.”

I thought it was ended, ended,
This life with its paths uneven;
The little I did, the much that I meant—
Before me the wealth of Heaven.
But the Sun shone down in His beauty,
And His voice like a glad, sweet song
Whispered low, “See the conflict unfinished,
O weak one, arise, and be strong!”

"A LITTLE WHILE."

"O, yes the time is long!" I heard one say,
"For I have waited since the early morn;
The shredded sunlight meagerer grows; the day
Gets purple, fainting in the west. Forlorn
I waited long who had so much to do,
Who thought to gather sheaves the whole day
through."

"I thought I heard the Master's morning call
For laborers for His harvest, and I rose
And near Him standing, whispered, 'Lord of all
I tender Thee my service till the close
Of the fair day now dawning.' With a smile,
He answered gently, 'Wait a little while.'"

"And then a numbness crept along each limb,
And reaching upward smote my dizzy brain,
My heart throbbed strangely, and mine eyes grew dim;
I said, 'True, I must rest awhile,' the pain
Grew madder, trampling out the sun:
And earth grew void as when her race begun."

"I knew the morning blossomed into noon;
Outside of me and mine there might be joy;
But in the hollow circle of my gloom
All things were dead or dying. 'The alloy'
They said, 'was burning from the gold, and yet
Light would shine on me when life's sun should set.'"

"And light *did* shine upon me, through the gloom,
The shimmering splendor of Christ's garment hem
Trailed near me and I touched it; then the bloom
Came back to the dead earth: His diadem
Shone till it lit the sun, and more, and all
Beyond, where earth's light cannot fade or fall."

"God's little whiles to some of us are long,
Because we *suffer* who would *do* His will;
We strive to reach some goal on pinions strong;
And lo, He whispers only, "Peace, be still!"
'Tis vain to beat about, we only bruise
The fledgling wings He will not have us use."

"But it is better so, I know to-night
The hands that would have labored were unskilled,
And with impetuous, careless hurry might

Have spoiled the tender soil they fain had tilled.
And I do think the trial has brought forth
Some gold that fails not in the fires of earth."

"Praise God for mine affliction." And I heard
A murmured something in the sighing air;
Angelic psalmody methought, albeit no word
Broke on our duller senses, but the rare
And soothing cadence still we *felt*. The rod
Indeed had blossomed, and we sung, "Praise God."

AT THE CROSSING.

Was the foe transformed to an angel of light,
From the land of beauty and bloom,
Sent to guide the lone one through mists of night,
To the joy of her Eden home?

It might be so, for the death-filmed eye
Gleamed with a rapturous ray;
And her words were songs, as the billows high
Surged over her shining way.

She had naught to say of the valley of gloom,
Or of billows black and cold;
But she spoke of a land where white lilies bloom,
And the pavements gleam in gold.

Was it strange? Does the conquering hero sigh
As he lays his sabre down?
And mourn o'er the dangers that throng his way,
While he journeys to take his crown?

There was one who wept by that bed of death,
As they only weep who lay,
At once, the brightness and bliss of earth
'Neath the mountain snows away.

They had walked toward the light of the sinless land,
Through life's day, till the winter sun
Waned in the west, hand clasped in hand,
And hearts that were linked as one.

"I shall wait," she said, "on the holy plain,
Near the pearline porch for thee,
Till our severed hands are clasped again,
On the shore of the jasper sea."

The days went robed in a mantle dark,
Till the weeks had numbered twain;
When the snowy sails of the Jordan bark,
Were reefed by the shore again.

He stood where a glimmer of amethyst
Through the spray of the waters fell,
Till his form was lost in the shining mist;
And we said, "It is wise, it is well!"

It is well, for, O, 'tis a dearer land
Where the sinless shall ever be!
And they are walking hand in hand,
On the shore of the jasper sea.

REMINISCENCE.

'Twas a day of the sorest temptation,
Of weariness, waiting and pain;
The chill autumn rain fell in torrents,
And cold on my heart fell the rain.

I gazed from the window half sadly,
On flowers that were dying and dead;
The frost-gleaners, tramping among them,
Had gathered their beauty, and fled.

The dry stalks, arrayed in the sables
Of mourning, stood watching the slain;
While the wild winds a requiem chanted,
And sobbed the impetuous rain.

Then I said, "It is thus with life's flowers;
The ones that we value the most
Droop first 'neath the cold winds of autumn,
And die with the premature frost."

And I said, "It is thus with our dear ones;
The heart clad in sables of woe
Must stand by their side as they wither,
And droop to the ashes below."

Then on a low couch reclining,
I covered my eyes from the light,
Sadly sighing, "The earth hath but sorrow,
And life is a wearisome night."

I know not how long; then some spirit
Seemed whispering low to my own,
“Rise! Earth that hath darkness and tempest
Hath also the blaze of a sun.”

Then I gazed, a munificent brightness
Was flooding the room, with a gleam
Fair as ever a sunset in Eden;
And sweet as a seraph-sent dream.

I sprang to the window—a glory
Lumed mountain and valley below;
The leaves staggered under the diamonds,
Thrown down with the rain and the snow.

And over the beautiful valley
The bow of the merciful God,
Lit up with a touch of the Holy,
Fringed the blue, sweeping lightly the sod.

Then from my sad, desolate spirit
The clouds drifted swiftly away;
And a flame from the glory eternal
Turned night to the dawning of day.

And over the mountain transfigured,
The rainbow of hope hung once more;
Holding in its broad arch all life's journey,
And clasping the glorified shore.

DAWN.

Oh, Love, there's a glimmer of dawning, a slender quiver
of light
Hangs over the eastern portal ! O, Love, morn follows
the night !
It may yet be long ere the glory burns up in the open
sky;
There may yet some tangles of thicket, or desert before
us lie.
The clouds may cover the sunrise, the haze in the valley
hang low;
But rejoice! for the night is ending, the morning is
coming I know.
We have walked through the darkness together, still
hoping, in sorrow and tears;

We have stumbled o'er stubble and marsh-tuft, have
striven with doubts and fears;
We have torn through briars and brambles, have breasted
the sleet and the rain;
But Love, O, Love it is ending, the morning is coming
again!
See, a lone star shivers and shimmers yon chaos of cloud
above;
'Tis the beautiful star of the morning, the Star of the
Morning, Love!

FAITH'S TEST.

In the still noontide of a joyous day
Faith walked abroad;
A shining tablet overhung the way,
Wrought by the hand of God;
In characters of living light,
Each golden line
Burnt its pale brightness in the marble white,
With skill divine.
It was a royal promise, and she read

With creamy mists curdling to clouds o'erhead;

"Lord, I believe," she said.

Then hastened on, brighter and yet more bright
Shone earth and heaven, as, clad in garments white,
She journeyed toward a land where Love is life and
light.

Sudden there came a change, but how or where

Not one could tell;

Gone were the gleam and glare,

While silent darkness fell;

It was thick midnight, gloom that might be felt,

If gloom were known by other sense than sight;

Wondering and sorrowing, in its fold she knelt

And tried to pray for light.

The walls were iron that enclosed her round

With brass o'erhead;

And every prayer she said

Seemed flying backward with a quick rebound,

And emptiness of sound.

And then the foe,

Whom she had fancied vanquished quite,

Stalked near her through the night;

Whispering, "*Where art thou now?*"

“O! God!” she moaned at last, “Oh, Life! Oh, Love!
What means this darkness? Whither art Thou gone?
O, Holy Comforter, soul-pitying Dove,
 Why art Thou flown?
Thy promise gleamed upon my view,
I read it and believed it true;
And when I thought to find Thee still more near,
 Thy glory to behold,
I am left desolate: why am I here,
In the black darkness lone, and wan, and cold?
 Is this what Calvary bought?
 It is not what I sought.
 Alas, alas, my faith
 Must fail with failing breath!
Oh God ! my God ! eternal, holy One,
Why art Thou thus unmindful of Thine own?”

She heard no rumbling tread
 Of chariot wheels afar;
She saw no glory shed
 Through crystal doors ajar;
Only a small, pale ray
 Stole in upon the night;

She knew Christ heard her pray,
And blessed the measured light.
And then she heard Him say,
“The heavens shall pass away,
 And earth beneath,
Fire, ocean, air and clay,
 Dissolve before My breath,
But while the eternal throne, secure,
 Stands in the changeless Heaven,
My Word shall, aye, endure.”

She knew the roof was riven,
That shut away the light of Heaven,
 And though the black walls still
Stood round her as before;
 Knowing His power at will
Would ope’ the prison door;
She pressed her burning forehead to the clod
 Of the damp dungeon floor,
And murmured o'er and o'er,
“Praise God! praise God! praise God!”

MEET AGAIN.

There's one good thing that will survive the wreck
 Of shattered systems, and dissolving skies,
When time is ended with its fear and fret,
 That in immortal beauty shall arise;
 The love that Christ hath given;
 Linking our souls to Heaven,
 And to His saints beneath—
 Pure as the dews that blaze
 To diamonds, in sun-rays—
Is dimmed not, chilled not with the touch of death.

There's one dear hope that hath a comfort been
 Through all life's changes, blessedness and tears;
The ones who lie asleep will wake again,
 We shall behold them in the coming years;
 The hands we clasp to-day,
 The while we sadly say,
 Farewell, O, love! farewell;
 Shall clasp our hands once more,

On the celestial shore,
Where light, and life, and endless blessing dwell.

What matters then what be our portion here,
Meeting or parting, for a little time?
We are but pilgrims journeying to a sphere
Of hallowed purity and bliss sublime;
And some take wing and hasten on before;
Some by the wayside reap the golden grain;—
Some, where the cloud of battle hovers o'er,
Are hid from view, but all shall meet again.
O, waiting hearts, be strong!
Ye shall not tarry long
Where death and darkness reign;
Clothed in immortal youth;
Crowned with enduring truth,
At God's right hand we all shall meet again.

UNDER THE CLOUD.

Under the cloud to-day,
Shrouded in folds of sin,
Too dense the earth-mist to let one ray
 Of God's pure sunlight in;
Playing with pebbles and toys,
 Gathering flowers by the way,
Frail as the gossamer wreaths of frost
 On the bright'ning brow of May:—
Clinging to all with a fervent clasp,
The frail heart's surest stay,
 Reeds that will shatter within their grasp;
They will see it all some day,
 Some day—
God grant that the blinding scales may fall
 Away,
Ere His great judgment day!

Sowing and watering tares,
 Tending them day by day;
Burdened and saddened with cankering cares

It were nobler to fling away.
Broidering garlands of flowers,
Roses and lilies fair,
Meet for the shrine in Pleasure's bowers
With Folly to bind them there.
Beautiful—ah! but the *fearful cost*;
The gems that are thrown away:
And the mortgaged soul that may soon be lost.
They will see it all some day,
 Some day—
God grant that the blinding scales may fall
 Away,
Ere His great judgment day!

Crowning with garlands of gold
Brows that will bend at last
To the creeping earth-worm; enshrined with mold,
Through the march of centuries vast.
Gathering up chaff, as they go
To the Bar, with steadiest care,
As if—God have mercy!—they did not know
The Judge of the earth was there.
Gathering up chaff and dropping the sheaves;
Bartering gold for clay;

For diamonds of truth choosing worthless leaves,
They will see it all some day,
 Some day—
God grant that the blinding scales may fall
 Away,
Ere His great judgment day!

NELLIE: A NEW-YEAR'S TALE.

Pale winter reigned; his iron chain
Fettered the streams; a pall-like cloud
Hung from the hills; while on the plain
White folded, lay the old year's shroud.

The bells their merriest notes rung out;
Lamps, jealous of the sunlight, threw
Their splendor far: Trilled song and shout
From hearts that only gladness knew.

Were there such hearts? We only know
The tide of joy surged high and strong,
While swayed the vast throng, to and fro,
The city thoroughfare along.

Among them crouched a tiny form,
Pale as the stars that o'er her shone:
Quenched by life's ceaseless, blinding storm,
Hope from the fading eye had gone.

Ah, nurtured in the genial air
Of Christian happiness and home,
Her life had borne an incense rare,
And sweet as Heaven's perennial bloom.

'Tis pitiful to see the weak
Struggling with burdens that the strong
Might faint beneath, while brow and cheek
Bear record of the cruel wrong.

All day the pleading voice had cried,
"Please buy my matches—matches, sir?"
But could not check joy's rushing tide,
And none had smiles to waste on her.

Midnight,—but still the weary one
Lingered along the frozen street;
Not daring, penniless, alone,
Her drunken mother's wrath to meet.

Into a massive porch at last,
Where frowned anear the pitying sky
The marble columns, grand and vast,
Crept little Nellie—but, to die.

The stars looked down with loving eyes;
The trees their frozen teardrops wept;
And angels, bending from the skies,
Their holy vigils round her kept.

They brushed the long, dark locks aside,
With tender kisses on her brow;
And whispered, “Ill cannot betide
Thee, where we wait to bear thee now.”

And through the shadows of the night
A far off, brightening glory shone,
Enwrapping in its drapery light
A mansion fairer than the sun.

“Mine,” said the death-dewed lips, and low
The angels bent to answer, “Thine,
No hunger there, or chilling snow,
But home, and love, and bliss divine.”

So Nellie died, we think the same
As Moses in God's mountain fair;
Though mortal eyes saw not the flame
Of glory that we know was there.

Early that New-Year's morn was found
A frozen pauper child, they said;
And pitying faces hovered round
The form of little Nellie—dead.

It was too late: the angelic crowd
With living fruit had fed the child;
And o'er her form the Glory-Cloud
With radiating warmth had smiled.

HIS MISSION.

With the snow wreaths of November,
In the days decline,
Came to earth a star-eyed wanderer,
From some unknown clime.

As he took his station near us,
 No one questioned, why;
No one asked him why he lingered,
 As the hours went by;
Asked not whence he caught the radiance
 In his violet eye.

But our hearts were thrilled with gladness,
 And love's tenderest glow;
Yet we never thought to question
 Why we loved him so.
Or that he could ever leave us
 In heart-broken woe.

But one morn he stood before us
 Robed in snowy white,—
While around his brow were clustering
 Wreaths of vapory light—
With a pair of rainbow-tinted
 Wings unfurled for flight.

As he looked a tender parting,
 Spoke not to the last;
Every heart seemed fetter-laden
 While we stood aghast;

Then we murmured, "*'Twas an angel:*"
As he upward passed.

Then we kissed the shining footprints
Fading from the door;
And the dainty gifts he left us,
Fingered o'er and o'er;
While with him our souls climbed upward,
Upward evermore.

And we learned the angel's mission,
Weeping evermore;
'Twas to wind love's clinging tendrils
Round him o'er and o'er,
Then ascending, bend them with him
To the gold-turfed shore,
Heavenward evermore.

THE LOST MAMMA.

I wants my mamma; Did you see her come
This way please, Mr. Judge? I cannot find
Her anywhere; and she's not been to home
Since the sun first got up. Now, do you think that's
kind?

My *mamma's lost*, and could you help me hunt
Her up, good Mr. Judge? I don't suppose
She's in *this* dark, old place, though maybe 'twont
Be wrong to ask if anybody knows.

My *mamma's lost*. I'll tell you something, now,
If you wont ever say a word about it,
She does act queer sometimes for certain, true,
And if you saw her once you'd never doubt it.

But that is when she's sick: her head aches so
She cannot help it—Did you say to come?—
Why, there's my mamma! why, I didn't know
She'd stay here, shut up so in this dark room.

I guess I'll have to say my prayer. "Now
I lay me down to sleep"—And I do hope
You'll tell them, Lord, to let my mamma go;
But, first, please, make her promise, not a drop

She'll ever drink again of that red stuff
She buys in bottles: for, Lord, Christ, I think
That's just all ails her—Now I've prayed enough;
You'll let my mamma go, and she wont drink.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S SICKNESS.

Shadows lie on each threshold; deepening clouds,
Born of the fogs that hang with blighting breath
Above the marshy valley we call death,
A nation's hope and jubilee enshroud.

Smitten the chief—the mighty nation's heart,
Sheathing the weapon, writhes in agony;
And welded closely, with soul sympathy,
In sorrow's forge, the twain no more can part.

Though, at the last, the haughtiest knee is bowed:
The gathered anguish poured in one wild prayer.
“Lord, whom Thou lovest is sick, Thyself draw near.
Roll back the terror wild, and lift the cloud:”

Still lies the Conqueror fainting on the sande
Of the death-current; on the noble brow
That hath worn honors meekly, tremble now
The damps that gather from the unseen lande.

- What see the dimmed and sunken eyes before?
It may be glittering cliffs of gold arise,
The highest peak propping the throne-lit skies;
Where pain and death can harm him nevermore.

Well, there are grander glories than he yet
Hath won; perchance he goeth now
To reign in realms celestial; with his brow
Girt with a zone of stars divinely lit.

THANKSGIVING HYMN. 1881.

Author of blessing, throned in light;
Upon whose fingers lightly hang
The myriad worlds, that, when the night
Once faded, all together sang—*
We bow adoring at Thy throne,
The earth is thine, reign Thou alone.

For the glad sunshine everywhere;
For raindrops cradled in the flood;
For vintage, and for harvest rare,
We thank Thee, O, Thou sovereign Good !
For night, for morn, for toil, for rest;
For what Thy will ordains is best.

For peace throughout our borders grand;
Although a cloud hangs dark above,
And all are mourners, yet Thy hand
Hath wrought it, and Thy name is Love.
Above *one grave*† the tempest calms;
And rivals clasp each other's palms.

*Job XXXVIII: 7.

†President Garfield's grave.

The East, the West, the South, the North,
At last united, understood,
Each grievance cancelled, gather forth
A sympathetic brotherhood.

We thank Thee for these flooding tears,
That wash the stains from coming years.

We thank Thee for the light sublime
That harbingers Thy reign of peace—
O'er Arctic waste, and tropic-clime—
When strife, and evil all shall cease.
Welcome Thy gracious kingdom, Lord;
“Thy will be done, Thy name adored.”

GENERAL C. G. GORDON.

So 'tis wrought o'er again. The grand, true life
Given for the rabble-throng who crowd up close
To push the thorns in deeper. The cup rife
With hemlock that makes martyrs; deadly foes,
He wrought great deeds of love for, give to him,
A very saint! an uncrowned king of men!

Who walked through a dark world, and stooped to trim
A few pale lamps, unseen, unlit till then.

Oh! it was wonderful that he should choose
To dwell among the poor, and vile, and lost,
All things repulsive: where was all to lose,
And naught to gain; save, at extremest cost,
A few dark souls;—jewels, the Lord might see—
Whose sight is not as ours: whose love is broad—
Which, purged from ignorance and infamy,
Might glorify the living Father, God.

"Twas wonderful, because so like his Lord!
He had won honors but to cast them down,
Uncared for, at His feet, whose smallest word
Was more to him than any regal crown.
And still he chose the cross, and loneliness,
With just a sigh sometimes for full release;
"I fear not death," he said, "This weariness
Were only so exchanged for perfect peace."

Great deeds he wrought as well, as easily
As other men do littler: and in him
The hero and the martyr live and die.

The star that sparkled on the hazy rim
Of the horizon, culminates above
Orion, or the pleiades; close by the throne
Of One whose will is law; whose name is Love,
And who hath crowned him, saying, Friend, *well*
done.

GARIBALDI'S WIFE.

Are we not almost there, Beloved ? I faint
With the long march; the valleys rise and fall
Before me; and the milk-white clouds,
Like ghosts undignified in silvery shrouds,
Tumble in chaos limitless. And all
The trees seem gliding from us, as they meant
Each to outrun the other in their haste
To join the foe behind us: Ah, the sea!
How far is it away? One arid waste
Seems the whole land before us while we flee.
And strange and dizzy murmurs fill my ears.

I hear thee say Giuseppe, I have been
The bravest of my sex in other years;

Few would have dared the sights that I have seen;
But now mine eyes are dim with falling tears;
Now I am weak Giuseppe; and my feet
Lift up so heavily, and my hands are chill.
I never dreamed till now how passing sweet
Rest might be. Tell me, do they follow still,
The foe we flee from? *Dogs* upon our track
Intent to tear their master! Dost thou fear,
Giuseppe Garibaldi? At thy back
The foes once humbled by thee now appear,
And thou dost turn not. Yonder, dost thou see
The white crests rising, and the noise dost hear,
Of the rock-bruising, Adriatic sea?
I could be glad we come at last so near,
But that I am too weary. Lay me down
Giuseppe, in the boat and sit by me;
Close, close, these ceaseless murmurs drown
Your voice so; and so dark it is, I see
You not Belovèd; hold my hand,
And speak so near that I can understand:
And let we whisper. Nearer than thou art,
One other bends and murmurs in my ear
That you and I, dear one, must part, must part—

What fell upon my face just then, *a tear?*
Nay, the sea foam, doubtless—And I see before
Another reach of waters, dark and chill,
Yet lit with one ray from a far-off shore:
And to those waters God hath spoke, “Be still.”
Ere that their rush was horrible: with dread
All mortals viewed them—so the spirit saith
That leans above me—And men paled and feared,
For the wild swamp of waters was called, *death*;
And so they faltered when its brink they neared.
But I fear not, Giuseppe. Thou shalt see
I yet have courage, though the waves are chill
I do not fear; but Oh, to part from thee!
Thee, my belovèd—Wilt thou love me still
When I am glorified, and o'er thy brow
I fit a viewless spirit, loving thee,
And soothing; as the one beside me now,
Who whispereth low, and answereth lovingly?
—The land! you say, well, lift me tenderly,
And bear me gently, gently—Ah, the foe
Here too? Ah, dear one, let me lie—
Oh, anywhere! 'tis painful to move so.
They will not harm us now when I am dying,

With the cold turf my bed, while on your knee
My head is pillow'd; dearest, it is lying
For the last time so near, so near to thee.

Still strong and brave; Giuseppe, thou wilt go
To fight for Italy. But I must sleep
I am so weary. And the treacherous foe
Shall fear thee yet Giuseppe. Dost thou weep
For me, my husband? Lift me nearer still,
With thy dear arms close, close around me thrown,
And let me feel thy lips upon mine own
In one long kiss, our last, Beloved, farewell.



HIS WORDS.

Oh, they are true,
The words He spoke are very true indeed:
The nebulous star shines on, though past our view
Its rays expand, filling some far-off need.
And so His promise; Though thou canst not see
The full, deep splendor of its living power;
Yet it is shining, Christian, and *for thee*
It yet may brighten, broaden hour by hour.

His words *are true*:

'Tis only that our trust is weak and small;
And if the mountain pushes up the blue
 Of Heaven, triumphantly immovable;
'Tis not that word or power of His can be
 Faithless; but we, Ah, *we* would never dare
To think of so much granite, helplessly
 Sunk in the sea, in answer to our prayer!

His words *are true*,

For all we keep our troubles with such care,
And sow sweet-briar, and thyme, and pretty, blue
 Forget-me-nots about them. Our despair,
Coldness, and doubting may look beautiful
 Through silvery vails we christen, "modesty;"
But He hath said, Cast all into the sea,
 And thy stained heart shall be as white as wool.

His words are true:

Oh, earthly care that burdens down our lives,
 Depart, and be thou cast into the sea!
Unhallowed pleasure, bauble bright, that drives
Men frantic; strife, and bitter enmity;

False hopes, and clamors for the highest seat;
Be thou removed, Oh, Himalayan chain!
And Ocean, see thy blue waves cover deep,
In caves unopened, the earth-scarring train!

WORK FOR YOU.

Through the soft, gray warp, the Morning
Deftly weaves her gold-thread in;
While an angel passes, holding
Crowns for men to lose or win.
From the realms of Light and Darkness,
Truth and Error meet to-day.
See the hostile armies gather;
Hilt to hilt the dread affray.
Let no white flag, O, ye true-men,
Float upon its staff to-day!
Onward, onward ! and press downward
Vice and Error while ye may!
Who will join them? O, my brothers,
Hark, the Captain calls for you!

See, alas! the valiant hearted
For God's conquering truth are few.

There the standing sheaves o'er-wearied
Drop their gold upon the plain;
And the Lord is calling, calling,
“ Laborers, gather in My grain.”
Here and there a careful reaper
Gently lifts the brown-haired grain:
Still He calleth: Oh, my brothers!
Shall He call *for you* in vain?
Shall the wasting sheaves ungarnered,
Lie among the damps of even,
When you might have borne them upward
To the granary of Heaven?

You, who have no heart for conflict,
And no strength to bind the sheaves;
See, the royal vintage bending
With its slowly fading leaves.
There the Lord is standing, waiting,
Waiting, it may be for you;
Saith He not to you, my brothers,

“Here is work for you to do:”
Purple grapes in ripened roundness
Hang from every drooping vine;
You might gather these, and crush them
Into sacramental wine.

FOR CHRIST.

Something for Christ each day: it is not much;
A word, a deed, poor as a wayside flower.
With dust upon its petals—and yet such,
Being my best, my sole, and scanty dower,
He Who has promised a sublime reward
For just a cup of water in His name
Given, takes what I offer “in the Lord,”
And so lights up my ashes with His flame.

So it is all for Him, the work I do;
The homely toil, the petty household care;
The dearer task of coaxing from the blue,
Sweet baby-eyes the shadow resting there.
And then sometime when there is nothing more

That I can do, no gathered sheaf to bind,
Or little lamb to feed; the path before
Will broaden to a street of gold refined,

With just a gate between; and on each side
Celestial asphodels that drink the light,
Blown from the seed outscattered far and wide,
It may be, while one journeyed through a night,
Who never thought to find the harvest there;
And did not know but all was lost indeed:
But, Oh, the light of Heaven has made them fair!
A loving hand but dropped the tiny seed.

CONTENT.

It is enough, it is enough;
The King is just before, and stoops to soothe
The heart that trusts Him; and the places rough
His feet but touch, and, lo! the path is smooth.

A stranger in a hostile land,
With sin and sorrow surging far and wide,

And but this mission, albeit high and grand,
To hand the bread *He* breaks on either side.

What if they scorn me as I go?
They scorned Him also, sometime, and my feet
Touched with a new life, leap for joy, for so
The blest soul-union is the more complete.

Rejoice, my soul! rejoice and sing!
The crowned King whose glory lights the Heaven,
Will not forget at His right hand to bring
One who loves much, because of much forgiven.

A MYSTERY.

Great is the mystery of soul and spirit,
Of sentient life, material forms apart;
That we do light, and life, and thought inherit,
While numbed the pulses are, and cold the heart.
Though strange the mystery which none can tell;
This thing we know, "God doeth all things well."

We look out in the darkness cold and lonely,
Shrinking and shuddering with the sweeping blast;
And know beyond the dark is brightness, only
We cannot see it till the storm is passed.
The cloud, the sun, how, tho' we cannot tell,
Since the Divine ordains it, it is well.

Helpless we cling to clay, our own, and others',
And weep when barks are sundered from the strand;
As if the turbid wave each dear freight smothers;
As if we knew not of a better land:
Yet He hath said, The beautiful shall dwell
With Him in light, Who doeth all things well.

What are we when we sleep beneath the daisies?
What know we when the conscious brain is turned
To ashes? has the thought that radiant blazes
Upon our senses, *then* to blackness burned?—
What, who, are we? The while we cannot tell,
Softly we sing, “He doeth all things well.”

But are we not ourselves? An agent wondrous
Thrumbs the machinery of our being grand;
Whate'er the tune, or tender, soft, or thunderous,

Impure, or holy; do we understand
This *sentient somewhat* is the *me* or *you*,
Responsible for actions false or true?

We do not question inspiration holy,
But take what it reveals, and say, amen,
And wait the time, when, 'neath the grasses lowly—
Or rather on extatic wing we rise—for then
We shall see face to face, and know full well,
The things that now, enswathed in mystery, dwell
With Him who hath, and will do all things well.

THE JUDGMENT.

Behold ! behold ! immortal spirit, turn
Thine eye adown the ages yet to be;
Upon the borders of the vast unknown,
Behold, eternity and time have met!
Dread meeting! Nature shivering feels the shock—
Her granite ribs are rent in ghastly wounds;
While through her veins the seething lava burns,
And winding surface-ward in tortuous paths,

Through new, volcanic craters makes its way.
And all the elements are mad with strife:
Wild winds and waves in jealous wrath contend.
And the forked lightnings, from their bands released,
Dart from projecting cloud to denser gloom,
Then grapple with the flames of endless woe.
While, with electric fire the vapory floods
Are bruised into their primal elements,
And with the noise of seven-fold thunders, shoot
Out tongues of livid, all consuming flame.
Dread are the death-throes of a finished world;
Dying in darkness, for the frightened sun
In sackcloth hides his glory; and the moon
Has drawn a blood-died mantle o'er her face;
Sickening the sight; and wild the direful cry
That thro' the vales, and o'er the withering plains,
And echoing from the cloud-crowned hills resounds,
“The earth, in scarlet clothed and linen fine,
With all her merchandise, and gold, and gems,
Her pleasant palaces, and pomp and pride;
The earth, drunk with the blood of prophets old,
And steeped in sin, and staggering to despair,
Is fallen, fallen, fallen!—woe to earth!

Her kings are vanquished, and her nobles slain;
And from the fiery caldron issue forth
The sulphurous flames of everlasting woe,
Impatient to receive their speedy prey."

But see! between the earth and broken skies,
The Judgment Throne in awful grandeur stands.
The radiant glory of its lucid white,
Spann'd with the splendor of the emerald bow,
Illumes the darkness of the midnight gloom.
'Round it are thousand, thousand shining forms,
With robes of silver sheen baptized in light.
And He upon the throne—Oh! mortal, see!
Tho' clothed in majesty most terrible,
The image bears of *man redeemed* from sin;
And the celestial Brow, beneath its crown,
Is marred with many a scar, as if had driven
Some sharpened torture there its cruel fangs.
Oh, Face divine! benignant even now,
When earth comes forward to receive her doom!
Oh, Lamb of God ! that human heart could scorn
Thine oft entreaties, and Thy tender love!
Well might Thy lips give utterance, even now,

To words that in Thy earthly pilgrimage
Were wrung from Thine o'erburdened heart;
How oft would I have gathered you within My Arms,
And held you safe beneath My sheltering wing.
Yea, safe from terrors of *this* hour; but ye,
Oh, world undone! refused My proffered aid.

Now hear, while earth stands still, and elements
Forget their feud, a Voice immortal speaks:
“*Ye dead, come forth to Judgment!*” Oh, ye Heavens!
What Voice is this can shake your reeling dome—
Unpeople Hades, bid the conqueror come
From his own kingdom, and bring back his spoils?
Shall matter, long inanimate, revive
And take the form of human loveliness?
See, ’round us everywhere the crumbling dust
Astir with life; around the nucleus
Of each human form, the severed atoms group;
Bone comes to bone, with ready tendons bound,
And spiritual nerves and veins appear, o’er which
Muscles and membranes silent take their place.
Behold what millions! everywhere the dead
Are rising; church-yards give forth their store,

From sculptured marbles, and from nameless graves.
And souls from cellars damp, and highways, claim
Their native clay; and fields where carnage reveled
Are astir: behold! from Marathon, Cannae,
And Thrasymenus, and Assyrian plains—
Far-famed Arbela, and from Taurus proud,
Those who there met, and sword to sword went down,
With cruel hatred, venting each his rage
Upon some victim, but in turn to fall
By shafts from others' weapon; those who fought
And fell as brothers, side by side, and those,
It may be, who there thought to do God's will.
See them come forth, those foes of other years!
No time to-day to wake the buried feud,
But each, astonished, hastens to the Bar.
Now come and, face to face, behold *despair*:
Mark the dread horror of each upturned face,
With burning eyes, transfixed against their will
On Him who sits upon the Judgment Throne;
Oh, if another might have been their judge
How had it eased their torture! but 'tis *He*,
Bruised for the healing of their wounds, and slain
For their redemption; e'en they who pierced His side;

And drove the iron with relentless blows
Into the quivering wounds: and they who mocked,
And in his anguish bade Him save Himself:
And through all ages they who scorned His name:
And who neglected Heaven's costliest boon:
All, all behold with eyes that fain would turn;
And forms that shrink, but may not leave their place.
And, hear, the piteous anguish of those cries,
“Ye rocks, ye mountains crush us unto death,
Eternal death, but hide us from *His face*.”
But see—a brighter picture—who are these
That stand amid the terrors of the hour,
Calm as an infant sleeping, with each brow
Reflecting the pure whiteness of the throne?
Why do those eyes, filled with adoring light,
Gaze on the Son as if life's dearest hope
Were melting now unto fruition's bliss?
Why on those lips, trembles e'en now the song
Of Moses and the Lamb, the song of joy
And everlasting victory begun.

But now the books are opened: not one heart
In that unnumbered throng but understands

The sentence o'er him pending, and the pure
Justice of that sentence, Oh, what thoughts
Of Spirit-pleading, and of love despised;
Of countless opportunities all misimproved;
Of slighted grace, of heavenly mercy scorned,
Rush on the burdened consciences, the while
They hear the sentence, "*Ye accursed, depart!*"
But oh! what untold rapture fills the hearts
Of those who, wandering through the wilds of earth,
Have borne the cross of Jesus; hear ye not
Those words of everlasting tenderness,—"*Come now,*
Ye blessed, come to your inheritance;
Come, the broad gates of pearl are open wide
To welcome Me and Mine; for ye have been
Faithful to Me among the chilling damps
Where hung the pall of sin, heavy with dews
Distilled in Death's dominions. Come where shines
The uncreated light of God forevermore."

“ABOVE THE CLOUDS.”

There are gladsome, youthful voices, voices sage, and kind, and true,
That we listened to with rapture in the halcyon days gone by;
But we hear them now no longer, though, as we were wont to do,
Oft we hearken when the shadows gather in the western sky.
They are singing with the angels, and the chorus full and deep,
Ringing over hill and valley, gladdens the celestial air;
And it cheers us to remember, while our lonely watch we keep,
They are singing songs of gladness, everlasting gladness there.

There are eyes of midnight blackness, there are eyes of saintly blue;
How we loved to gaze upon them, in the golden days gone by;

But a dimming mist came o'er them, and they faded
from our view,

As the gold and crimson draperies fade from out the
sunset sky.

They are gazing on the brightness of the blessed ever-
more,

On the gold sands, and the crystal of the lucid jasper
sea;

On the ever vernal verdure of the mountains and the
shore;

And, Oh, wondrous! on the beauty of the man of Galilee.

There were dimpled hands, and stronger, doing deeds
of love and faith,

How we loved them, how we blessed them, when they
lingered here awhile;

But in ours they paled, and o'er them came the icy chill
of death;

All our clinging could not hold them, fondest words
could not beguile,

For another hand was clinging closer, closer than our
own,

So they left us, and went forward where the shadows
lieth cold;

And beneath the emerald rainbow, by the everlasting
throne,
They are holding golden censers, incense-filled, and
harps of gold.

There are hearts as true and trusted as the granite-lifted
hills

That gird round the realm imperial in the beauteous
evermore;

Wrenched asunder, O, what sadness! O, what bitter
anguish thrills

Hearts that linger lonely on the desolate, forsaken shore!
They are thrilling with a rapture never, never known
below;

They are burning with a love immortal, strong and pure,
And the Saviour's perfect image shines in the supernal
glow

That through endless, blissful ages brightening, glad-
dening shall endure.

Sometimes when the world receding, leaves us stranded
and alone;

And its treasures, in the distance, seem like grains of
worthless sand;

To our spirit sense, grown clearer, glimpses of the far
unknown

Come mist-shrouded, and our being by its summer-gales
is fanned.

But a little less of earth, and a little more of Heaven!
Could these scales that mar our vision from our eyes
but fall apart,

We should see them, our belovèd, in the paradise
Elysian,

And rejoicing, say thence-forward, "It is better to
depart."

OUR ANGEL.

There was room in our home, so much room,
Yet she went away,
Out in the unrifted gloom;
Down through the mold of the tomb;
And the prayers that we tried to say
Died off from our lips that day.

There was room in our hearts, so much room—

 Ah! the space she left
Is vacant and broad, and the gloom
Is as the night of the tomb;
Ah, sad is the heart bereft!
Ah, lone is the place she left!

There was room in the world, so much room—

 There are plenty I know
Who walk in the gaping gloom,
With never a flower to bloom
In their hands, and the footsteps slow
Have never a place to go.

Poor little ones! no place to go
 In the day or night;
Bruised, helpless, 'tis little they know
Save Sin, and his sister, Woe;
Save sin, and woe, and blight—
How can they keep pure and white?

But God took not one of those;
 Were they not as fair,
With the sin washed out, and the woes,

And the angels had come up close
To fasten a crown in their hair—
A crown with jewels rare!

There was room for our own, our own,
Many angels are *there*;
And *we* had but one, only one—
O God ! have they put out the sun,
That I feel the night near?
Night evermore here.

Ah, ah! I can see, yes, I see:
My sun! and His Hand
Is held over it, hiding from me
Its light, that beyond I may see
The beautiful, evermore land;
And nearer, the bountiful Hand.

MY DEAD ONE.

My lost one, my own one,
O, bend to thy lone one!

Let wings, soft as sunlight, my forehead breathe o'er.

O, bend from Heaven's brightness,
Ethereal lightness;
In soul unstained whiteness!

I would greet thee, my sweet one, complete one, once
more.

Alas, the earth darkens
No sweet spirit hearkens;

No form of the glorified leans from the light;
No soft angel fingers—
Once rapture held fingers,
Whose touch ever lingers—

Thrill my being with gladness, with sadness to-night.

O, words vainly spoken!
O, heart inly broken!

What aye can avail thee, since earth has no balm.

O, Saviour divinest,
No ill thou designest!
The gold thou refinest,
Through billows of fire, and the tempest broods calm.

I bow in soul sadness,
Lo, patience and gladness
Fall down on my brow like a halo of light!
I grasp the eternal.
To Paradise vernal,
To pleasures supernal,
I yield thee, my beautiful angel, to-night.

THE UNION SCOUT.

The fair, new day smiled faintly
Through the eastern gates of blue;
Whence her sunny surfs were wandering
To gather the diamond dew.

What recked the sunlit heaven,
That from rifle and cannon's mouth,

A flood of fiery billows
Had deluged the shuddering South?

What rocked the grand old forest,
Standing in stately pride,
That men, by tens of thousands,
So near had bled and died?

For where the turf was greenest,
The leaf most broad and high,
Perchance some wounded soldier
Had crept, alone to die.

And the life that slow departing,
Left pallid the form of clay,
Had nourished the forest olden,
And freshened its lilies gay.

Throughout that fair, old forest
No war-cry rose that day;
But a few strong men were gathered,
Dressed in Confederate gray.

And near, a Union soldier,
Where, from an ancient limb

A rope suspending, shadowed
The light of hope from him.

“Five minutes!” shouted the captain,
“Five minutes to pray—no more—
For your soul that will soon be drifting
To the sands of an unseen shore!”

“I thank you;” answered the captive,
“For so I know this day,
That a spark of noble manhood burns
In a suit of rebel-gray.

“And the hand so proudly lifted
'Gainst a quivering nation's life,
Might yet, with the help of Heaven,
Be armed for a nobler strife.

“But I need not these fleeting moments
To plead with a wrathful Heaven;
I near not the shadowy valley,
With trespasses unforgiven,

“For I ever say, ‘Our Father;’
Though mortals may seldom hear,

I know to the heart's low pleading
He listens, to aid and cheer.

"Yes, I *ever* pray to the Father,
Our Father, mine and thine,
And Oh, may His grace, dear Captain,
For thee, and forever shine!"

"Five minutes;" muttered the captain;
"Loose the rope, men, from that bough;
For a strange, dark mist creeps o'er me,
And my heart throbs strangely now.

"I'll not hang him, if I perish,
But take him with you, my men,
And hearts less frail than your captain's,
Shall try his cause again."

* * * * *

The sunset glory faded;
And o'er the billowy blue,
The moon, with stars attendant,
Sailed up her realm to view.

A skirmish in the valley!
Only a few men slain,
And the guard in gray were prisoners,
The captive free again.

There, with earth-lustres fading
Fast from the death-filmed eye,
A wounded man lay gazing
Into the star-lit sky.

The Union scout bent o'er him,
Lifting the bleeding head,
When the pale lips faintly opened,
And the dying captain said,—

“I know—from—earth—I’m—passing—
Its distant lamps burn dim;
While a numbness strange is creeping
O’er my brow, and lip, and limb—

“But—I go—in peace—to the Father,
Our Father, mine and thine;
He has heard thy prayer, and illumes
My soul with a light divine.

"God bless you forever—ev—er"—
The chilled lips breathed no more,
For already his bark was mooring
To the cliffs of the sun-rise shore.

And there, in the silvery moonlight,
With the freezing forehead pressed
Close, by those strong arms fastened,
To the Union soldier's breast;—

In the sleep that shall know no waking
Till dawns the unclouded day,
With reveille of God's angels,
The Confederate captain lay.

HYACINTH.

I.

“ Yes, he loves me well I know,
For last night he told me so,
Whispering low,
Blue-bells never can compare
With the sweetest eyes I see;
And no sky hath tints so rare
As a spendthrift maid doth wear
In the gold-web of her hair.”
“ Sweet,” he said, “ I love but thee.”

“ Oh, his love is kind indeed,
Thus to beautify a face;
And adorn with regal grace
What, in sooth, hath plenteous need.

So a gentle maiden said,
Whispering to the flowers sweet,
Crowding 'mong the leaves o'erhead,
Leaning low to kiss her feet.

Birds were clustering in the boughs,
White doves hushing 'neath the eaves;

Homeward lagged the lowing cows,
Cropping oft the dew-damp leaves.—

“ He will come to-night, I know,
Haste then shadows, for the night
Hath no gloom; why sink so slow,
Golden scales that hold the light ? ”

II.

Sinks the Summer, blushing, down
'Neath a purple canopy,
While the Autumn clasps his crown
Round her forehead. Since the May
Spread her last buds at her feet
She hath never been so fair;
Yes, the Autumn's bride is sweet,
Rubies sparkling in her hair;
And her gorgeous garments bright,
Scintillate the crimson light.

But another bride is near,
In her silvery white array;
Eyes of violet; sunlight clear
14

Burning down their depths to-day;
White brow, shaped in beauty's mould,
Starred with bloom, and crowned with gold.
And the bridegroom at her side—
Ah! those eyes of storm and night!
Star of love, Oh, be their light,
Blessing, so, the trusting bride!

—But the gay throng murmur low,
Words of blessing ere they go:
“As they journey forth, these two,
On life's highway short or long,
Skies above them aye be blue;
Love links aye be true and strong:
Open joy's divinest springs.”—
List, a saddened minstrel sings;

“Farewell, farewell Oh, fair one!
We bring, with tears to-day,
Garlands of hope, Oh, dear one,
To blossom on thy way!

“And Oh, may bliss await thee,
In sunshine and in song!

Gladness and glory greet thee;
Thy path be smooth and long!

And when, its limit crowning,
The purple shadows come,
Mayst hail the star of morning
O'er the pearl-gates of Home."

III.

Summer long dead; her latest bloom
On the true heart of Autumn lies,
In frozen beauty, in one tomb,
Marked with sweet, solemn memories.

Night in the valley; and abroad
The bleak wind, shrieking, westward flies,
Chilled to despair. The shivering sod
Cold 'neath her snow-white drapery lies.

Night in the farmhouse; but the fire
Burns with a luster unsurpassed;
Mocking the tempest's vengeful ire,
Through shutters shuddering in the blast.

“Cease! Oh, drifting snows your surges!—
Heard you not that sound before?
“Hush! Oh, winds your lonesome dirges!—
List, that moaning at the door.

“Draw the bolt, Oh, Hester, hasten!
Man might perish, and a child,
For the voice was faint—just listen,
Was there e'er a night so wild?

“Heap the grate a little higher,
Let its brightness fill the room;
Bring the stranger to the fire:
Haste — My *Hyacinth come home!*!

“Oh, my blossom, chilled and weary,
Tear drops frozen in thine eye:
Tell me, what can mean this, Dearie ?”
“Mother, I am come to die.”

“I am weary, O, my mother,
Every hope I know is fled!
• Hold me, help me—for no other
Hath that power—till I am dead.

IV.

Died the winter old, and dying
Crowned the gleesome spring once more.
Then the Summer faint, sat sighing
Gently at the Autumn's door.

Than a shadeless lily paler,
Gentler than the soft wind's breath
Hyacinth still lingered, frailer
Growing as she walked with death.— —

— — While she slept, a fitful slumber,
Came a bowed form to the door;
And the faithless husband, humbler
Than was e'er his mood before,

Entered, dim were his eyes with weeping,
Pleading long, with prayer denied;
“Let me only see her sleeping,”
Piteously at last he cried.

To her waking ear came faintly
Murmuring voices, through the gloom;
“Egbert” : said the pale lips gently,
“Yes I hear him, let him come.”

Penitent and prayerful kneeling,
As a man where hope is dead,
Grief, remorse and sin revealing;—
Rise, I pardon thee, she said.

From her eyes the lustre languished,
And remorsefully he cried,
“Ere I brought thee to such anguish,
Would to God that I had died.”

“Stay, Oh! stay that I may prove thee
All my penitence and pain!
That I never ceased to love thee,
Nor one joy can know again !”

“Nay,” she said, “I cannot linger,
Long ago they called me home;
Now, with star-tipped, beckoning finger,
See, they smile and bid me come.”

“I can see the steeps ascending,
Cliff on cliff of gold arise,
“To the river brink descending,
Piercing yonder roseate skies.”

“Would,” they said, “that God might spare thee
For thy tender infant’s sake.”

“Nay, my child will soon be near me,
Where a heart can never break.

“Surge the blackened billows higher
Rising in their maddening strife;
But I do not dread their ire,
This is better than my life.”

“Fare ye well beloved, I hear One,
Shepherd of the upper fold,
“Say, ‘Arise and shine,’ O, dear one,
In a palace built of gold!”

It was finished,—and out sweetly,
Silver bells of Heaven rang;
While they clasped her white hands meekly,
And the sorrowing minstrel sang,—

“Life’s drama then is ended, O, beloved,
Thy pure, white soul is free!
“The weary waiting, and the bitter pain,
Reserved no more for thee.

“Thou cans’t not hunger on that fruitful plain,
Nor thirst, nor sorrow more:
“And blistering heat thou wilt not know again:
Tempest and clouds are o’er.

“But glory-barred in the good Shepherd’s fold,
With heavenly seraphim,
“Thine eyes unveiled, unshadowed, now behold,
The beauty of the King.

V.

As the crystal bars were lifted
From the eastern gates of gold,
Dawn-lit billows downward drifted
Vale and upland to enfold.

Sunbeams burned upon the mountain
Where the snow-wreaths lately lay;
And the waves from lake to fountain,
Freed from ice-bands, laughed away.

Smiling through a draperied casement
Came the gold-haired goddess Light:

But no smile from roof to basement
Answered, for within was night.

With the life-light slowly fading
From the white brow fringed with gold,
Films of death the blue eyes shading,
Lay the pet-lamb of the fold.

Sudden swung aloof the portals
Golden, and her form illumed;
Grandeur seldom seen by mortals
On the infant-vision bloomed.

And an angel bent beside her—
Faint we traced the folded wing—
Through the valley mists to guide her
To the presence of the King.

And the baby's hands extended
Joyfully; while an untaught word,
“Mamma, mamma,” sweetly blended
With a song we faintly heard.



